VOGUE

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SEPT. 15

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EVERYTHING

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costume coat in
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wool checks that reverse to solid brown
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young approach to fall...masterfully shaped costume of charcoal grey worsted flannel...the sleeveless dress worn with its own white silk blouse, or beautiful alone, designed by Catherine Scott exclusively for I. Magnin & Co.

SEPTEMBER 15, 1963

VOGUE

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

AMERICAN FRENCH BRITISH AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND SOUTH AFRICAN

I.S.V.-PATCÉVITCH, President
Alexander Liberman, Editorial Director



COVER: On both sides of the Atlantic, this light year, we'll be helmeted, casqued, domed—and off for high adventure in spectacular hats like this luminous space-queen oval of white satin, muffling the head with chin strap, ear flaps, brisk visor. The coat, white-dyed Indian broadtail lamb, with a curving back. Coat by Maximilian. Also at Holt Renfrew of Canada. Hat by Mr. John. Also at Rich's; Hudson's; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Earrings designed by Schlumberger of Tiffany. Cover photograph by David Bailey. The round young life to the cheeks, here: an illusion. Specifically, John Robert Powers Shadow Illusion, a thin, brown, cream-in-a-tube that works—with or without foundation—on the contour-through-shadow principle; under the cheekbones is where it goes to make cheekier cheeks.

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JESSICA DAVES
Editorial Advisor

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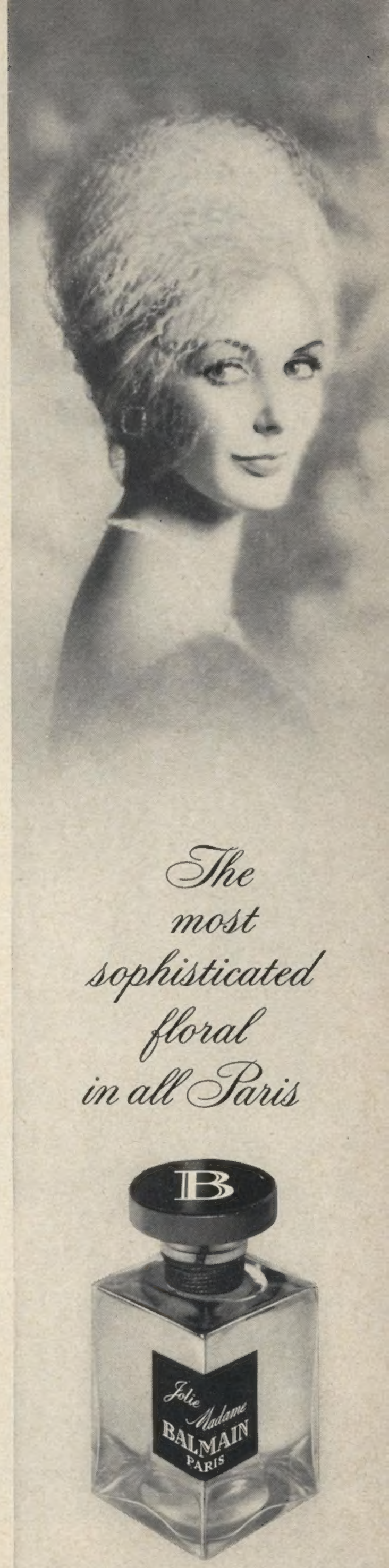
William S. Cox
Business Manager

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Presenting a brand-new concept in ease and composure. A little "Lycra"* spandex—ingeniously blended with "Orlon"* and wool—does it. Creates rich new fabrics that are far more supple and resilient. Here, the newest delineation of the costume. A shirt-cuff, box jacket rests easy over articulate sheathing. There's keenness and leanness, still every move is free. Unrestricted. And wrinkles are strictly off limits. Have it subtly striped in grey or red. Sizes 10-20. About $80. At stores listed on page 203, or write Alper Schwartz, 530 Seventh Avenue, N. Y. 18, N. Y.

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BONWIT'S DESIGNER GREATCOAT Spectacular new coat by Monte-Sano & Pruzan, the back panel and great sweep of collar making it at once exuberant and majestic. Note the fabric: a striking black on white diagonal-rib wool from Scotland. Misses' sizes. No mail or phone orders. From our famous Designer Salon, it has, above all . . . **THE BONWIT TELLER TOUCH**

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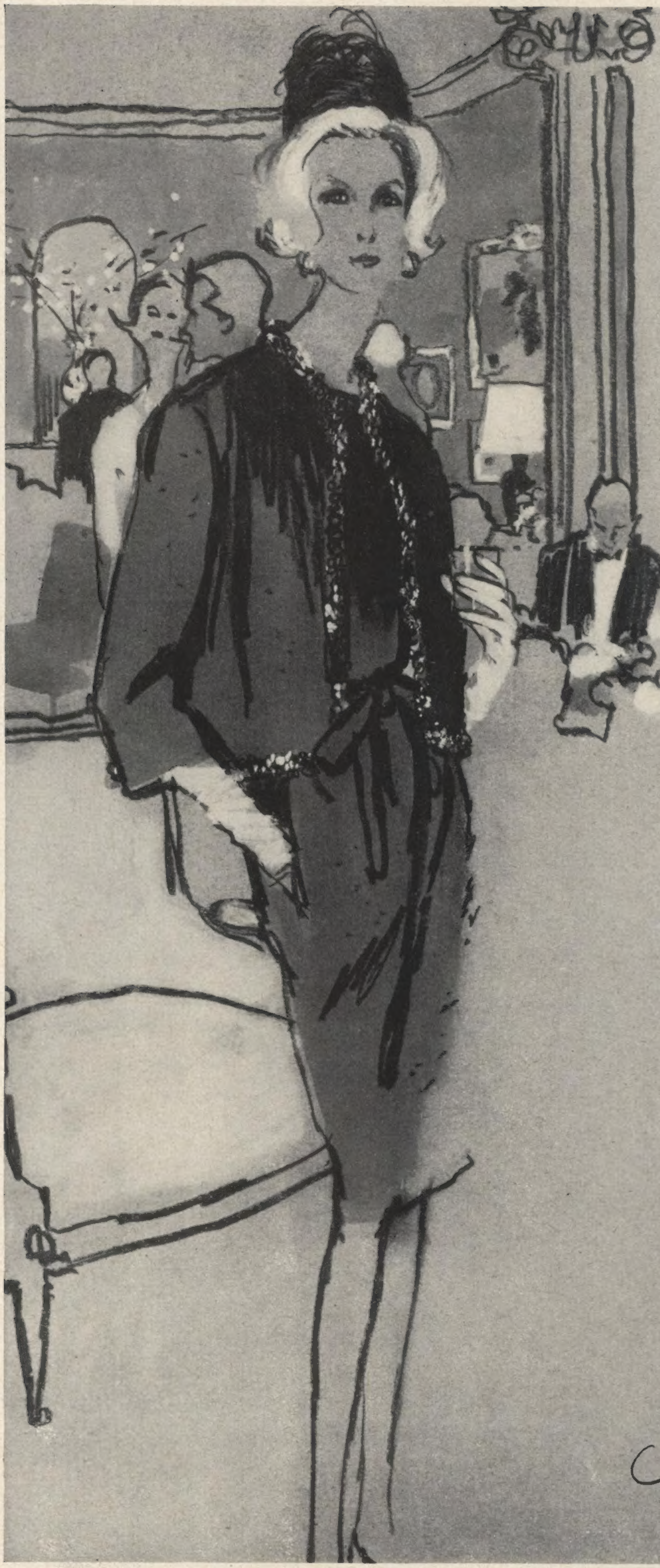
CHANDLER'S

Shoe Salons



Who wouldn't be attracted by the youthful zip and zest of these personality-plus black kidskins? Their mood, one of cuddlesome softness; their lines, sophisticated, demure but debonair; their look, sexy yet blessed with a refreshing child-like charm. Intriguing too, the modest price for shoemanship of this exceptional calibre...yours exclusively at Chandler's, **$12.98**


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of imported designs for
the Young Elite®—one
magnificent example
is the evening ensemble.
textured with cut velvet roses.
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jet bead-rimmed jacket
covering a dress
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The costume idea,

at once sporting and elegant

shirt-sleeved jacket

and slip-of-dress

in black-and-white fluff tweed

from Italy,

mounting a soft roll of black-dyed

Canadian beaver.

The Salon, Lord & Taylor, New York



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She'll wear the coat on the Cote d'Azur, the dress in Dresden, the hat in Cape Hatteras, the pumps in Pompeii, the bag in Baghdad...and she'll lug them all home in her luggage.

*(lucky girl, not a worry in the world...***Pellon® non-woven interfacing** *keeps everything in shape.)*



The coat and dress costume. Masterfully done by David Kidd for Jablow. In the Crystal Room

HUDSON'S
the Woodward Shops
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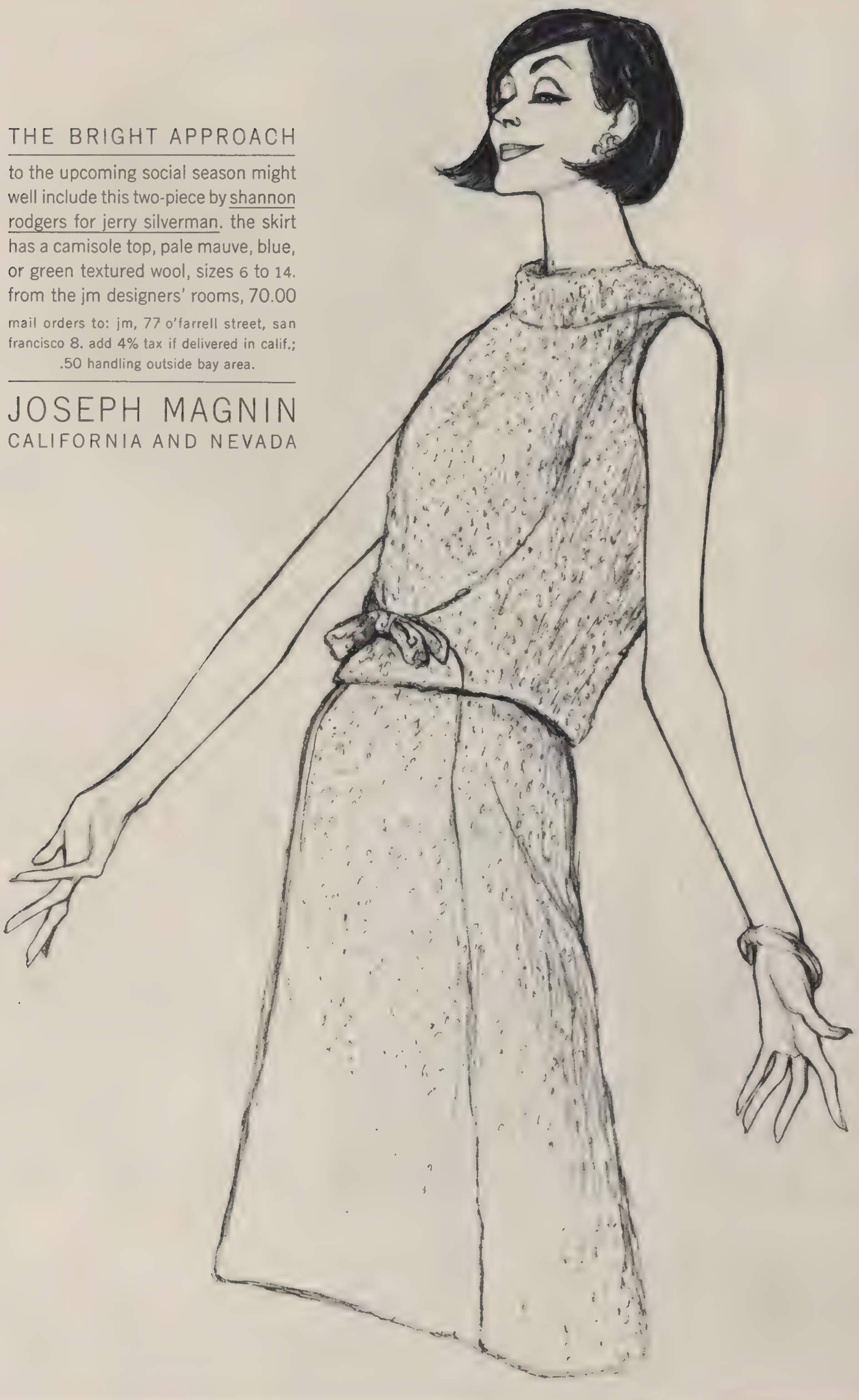
Crompton Velvet

THE BRIGHT APPROACH

to the upcoming social season might well include this two-piece by shannon rodgers for jerry silverman. the skirt has a camisole top, pale mauve, blue, or green textured wool, sizes 6 to 14. from the jm designers' rooms, 70.00

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CALIFORNIA AND NEVADA





"He says plain, I say fancy...
but we both say Heirloom Sterling!"

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Nature *really* intended waiting
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radiance...by day your skin
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pretty and joyously alive.

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The
Lustrous
Make-up
of
Frances Denney

THE FASHION TEMPO U.S.A.



TAILOR SOPHISTICATION. The little tie trim—laced with newness from the straight heel to the slightly open vamp. In Cordovan calf, black suede with black calf trim or taupe calf with matching suede trim. 29.95. By PANDORA

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TEXTURED COAT OF 75% DYNEL® MODACRYLIC AND MOHAIR, ABOUT $90. "WHERE YOU CAN BUY"—SEE LAST PAGE.

It's not fake anything. It's real Dynel



LANDSCAPE WOOLS... simply shaped to show off Liberty of London dyed-in-the-wool paisley prints. Left: day and night sheath in blue and brown, 8-18, about $50. Right: featherweight wool again in blue or wine, 8-20, about $65. At all fine stores. Write: Tanner of North Carolina, Rutherfordton, N.C.

DESIGNED BY DOROTHY COX

IN THE TANNER MANNER



That Ayres Look

The frost blue wool suit. Straight down the back.
Belted a bit in front. Brisk and arrogant by Ben Reig.
L. S. Ayres & Company, Indianapolis.



Wool is full of surprises

Surprise! Science gives nature a nudge and now pure wool is *permanently pleated.* Another surprise! It's double-knit. Lean on it. Sit for hours. Get caught in a downpour. Pleats never come out. And wool, born richer by nature, keeps that beautiful feeling all its own. **Mia** permanently pleats wool to make the most mobile dress in town. Great wool houndstooth; two fluid parts, belted at a new low to ride the hip. About $45.00 at: B. Altman & Co., New York and all stores; Bamberger's, New Jersey; Rosenfield's House of Fashion, Inc., Baton Rouge, Louisiana; Donaldson's-Golden Rule, Minneapolis-St. Paul; Wm. H. Block Co., Indianapolis; J. L. Brandeis, Omaha. The Wool Bureau, Inc., 360 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



without changing your natural hair color!



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Loving Care® Hair Color Lotion by CLAIROL

News-makers from Lady Hathaway:

Masterpiece prints, India Madras plaids, and Wool Challis from the foot of the Alps



Americana Print. Man-tailored—with feminine differences. Wear it in or out. $9



Liberty Print and fabric from London. The pattern matches precisely across front. $14



"A lady's shirt should look crisp, feel soft and set tongues *wagging*," says Lady Hathaway.

To make sure this exacting dictum is carried out, Lady Hathaway searches the four corners of the earth for strictly feminine fabrics, sumptuous designs and sprightly prints.

Here you see seven lively news-makers for Fall. The fabrics come from Great Britain, India, Switzerland and our own native shores.

The prints are gloriously international, too. Look at them. At center right, you see meticulous reproductions of paintings from the medieval section of the Louvre. And at lower left is the luxurious Lady Hathaway Wool Challis. Hand-printed of course. It's straight from Switzerland—made in a century-old mill.

Take your pick of all the shirts you see on this page. Then drop a card to Lady Hathaway, Waterville, Maine for the names of stores nearest you.



India Madras, the fabric that ages so gracefully. Note the oriental, high collar. $11



Green Silk. Louvre paintings inspired by the cour d'amour of the middle ages. $25

Wool Challis. The fiery colors come from special Swiss dyes developed over centuries. $30

Kennebec Flannel. Patch pockets at waist. Placket has *five* buttons. Rayon and cotton. $13

Early Navy. Reproduction of these old U.S. frigates is exact. Drapery cotton. $13









94% virgin wool, 6% cotton

FORSTMANN

Stevens Fabrics

Fashion speaks its lines in Forstmann. Here, the great wool tweed coat...buttoned and belted with terrific dash. About $190 at Lord and Taylor, New York; Dayton's Oval Room, Minneapolis; Neiman-Marcus, Texas.

150th Anniversary 1813-1963

Stevens Forstmann

J. P. STEVENS & CO., INC., NEW YORK 36, N.Y. □ FINE FABRICS MADE IN AMERICA SINCE 1813



Graceful two piece strieé knit. Handloomed. About $70. Slightly higher west of the Rockies.
Lord & Taylor, Marshall Field, Neiman Marcus

Kimberly



Another "Find" for this connoisseur — Hattie Carnegie's
Imported French shuttle tweed suit with wool knitted overblouse.

the Wm. H. Block Co.
INDIANAPOLIS



The watch that's not just another pretty face!

If you've been watching watches lately, you know that they all get better looking every day. A $15 beauty can easily pass for a $150 model. And vice versa.

But a watch can't get by on looks alone. What can you expect of a *low-cost* watch in terms of performance? Just about *everything* when it's a Timex.

A Timex looks expensive. Acts expensive. Tells time.

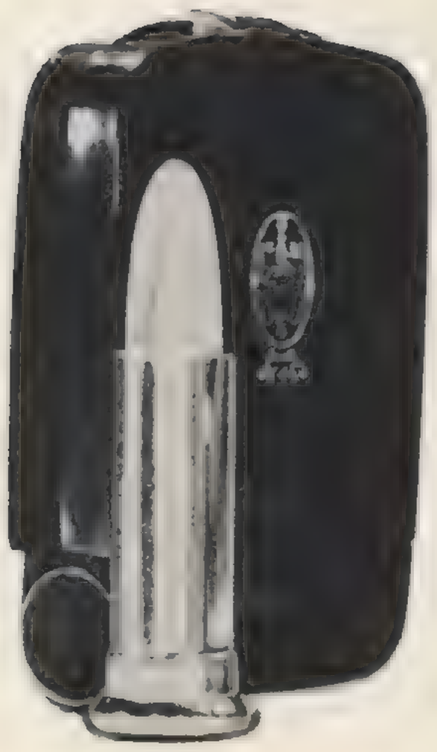
Each one has an unbreakable mainspring. You can never *overwind* a Timex! What *more* could you ask of a watch? Fashion? Timex watches can be classically tailored. Or glittering with diamonds. Or ruggedly sportive.

Why not try *two* for a starter? At Timex prices you can afford a whole wardrobe-full! 9.95 to 19.95 plus tax.

TIMEX®

BEAUTY NOTES

with a special message for black



Glistening black-and-gold cases containing cosmetics made to do all the right things for black. Five separate products—all by Coty—each with its own particular bailiwick. *Left:* Compact of pressed powder with built-in foundation to cover completely, quickly. The creamy lipstick, Accent Coral in this case, slides into its own slot at the back of the compact. Both are refillable. The whole thing costs $2.50. *Below:* A foursome beginning with a compact filled with pressed Muted Honey powder, continuing with a slender stick of eye shadow in a marvellous pale, smoky taupe called Cream Mocha, a tube of smooth Coty 24 lipstick called Accent Red and a tiny mirrored pot of soft blushing cream with just the right understatement of colour. All of these come in a range of colours. Compact, $1.50. Eye shadow, $1.50. Lipstick, $1.35. Blush Accent, $1.50. Everything plus tax.



CHARLES FITZPATRICK

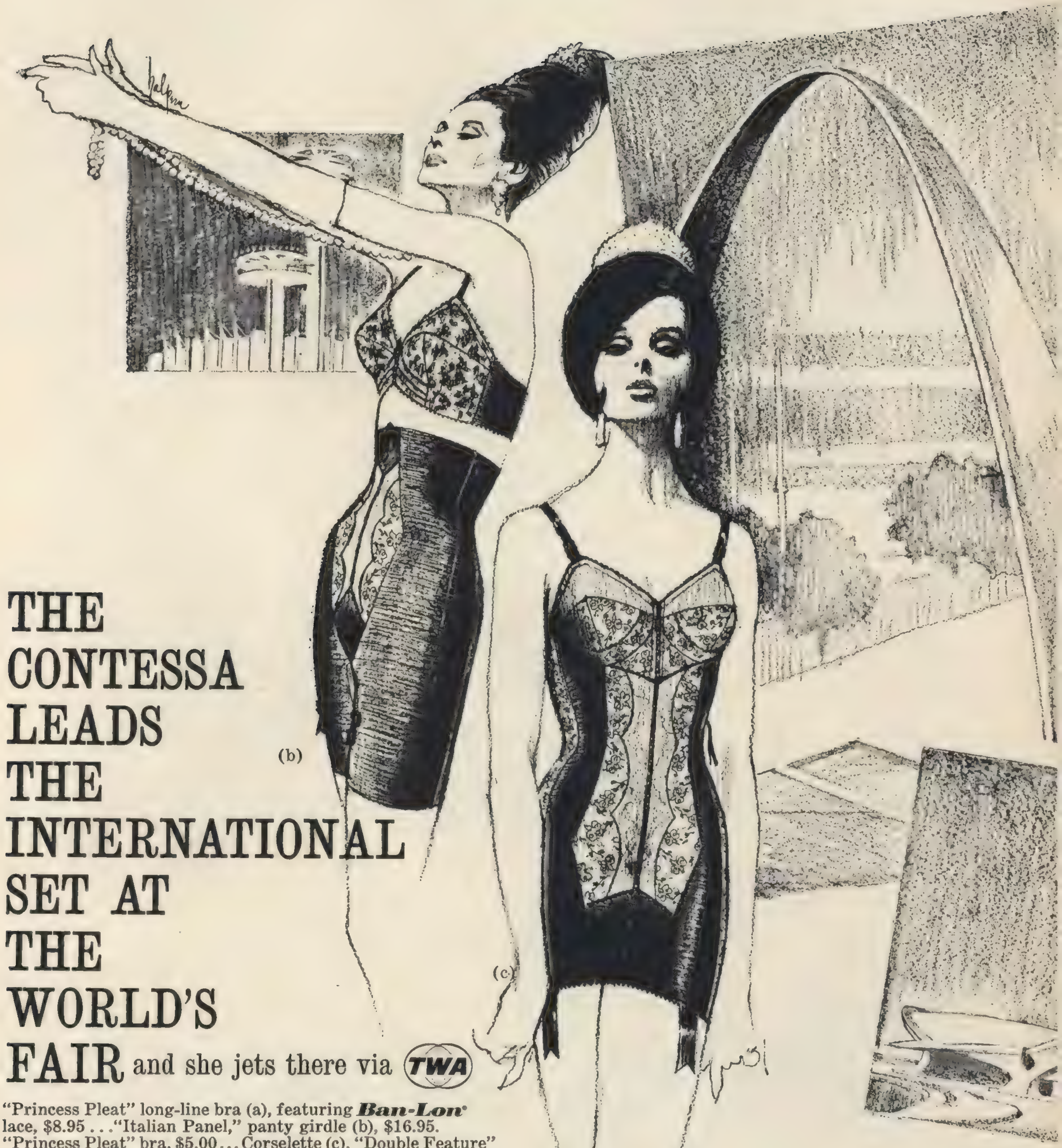
THE INTRIGUING CONTESSA AND NEMO'S "BEHAVE" FAMILY JET TO THE WORLD'S FAIR... VIA TWA



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Cleveland, Ohio .....**The Halle Bros. Co.**
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Kansas City, Mo. .....**The Jones Store Co.**
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(d)

(a)

Contessa di Roma

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THE FAIR IS A FAMILY AFFAIR... SO IS NEMO'S "BEHAVE"

and the whole family jets there via TWA

"Behave" girdle with ***Ban-Lon*** lace bra (a).
Girdle, $16.95; bra, $3.95..."Behave" corselette (b),
Ban-Lon lace sides, $20.00..."Miss Behave" long-leg girdle (c),
$10.95..."Miss Behave" pull-on (d), $7.95.

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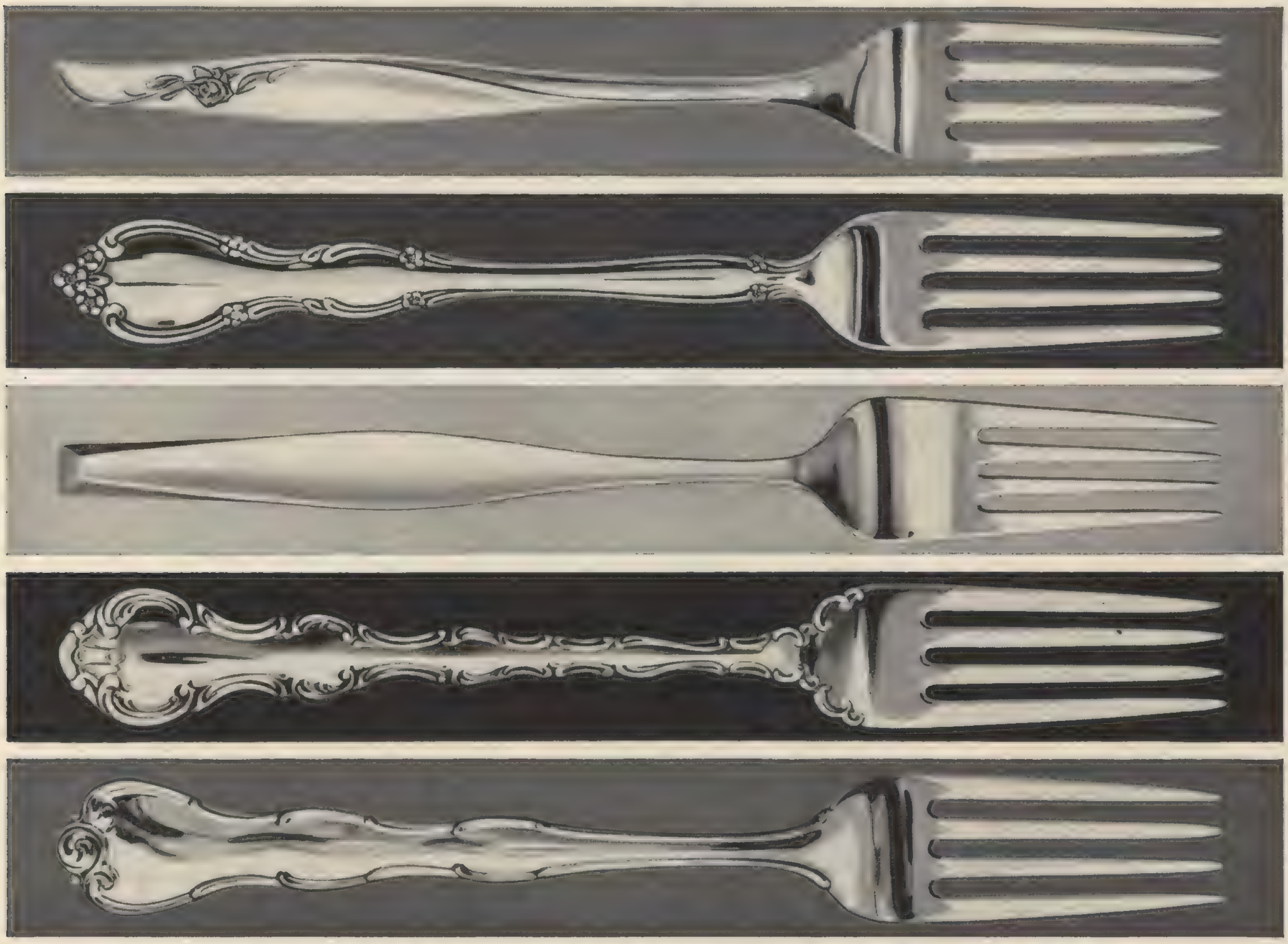
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For fine stores and details see page 194



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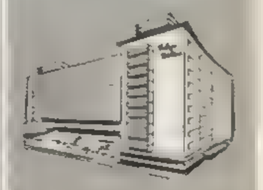
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FOR ADDITIONAL STORES, "WHERE YOU CAN BUY"—SEE LAST PAGE



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(Now—go find Tarzan!)



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Listen to those tom-toms. They're announcing the mating season—matching bras and half slips.

Observe the print on the right—lush, ripe Passion Flower. A print so wild, so primitive, you'll know how Tondeleyo felt.

Behold, Monsoon. In red or black—torrid as the jungle before a downpour, cool as the jungle after.

Jungle prints. What a wonderful way to look undressed! Warner's® nylon tricot Passion Flower bra, 5.95; Passion Flower half slip, 5.95. Monsoon bra, 5.00; Monsoon half slip, 4.95. Also black Monsoon girdle, 10.00; pantie girdle, 11.95.





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"WHERE YOU CAN BUY"—SEE LAST PAGE



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No single cream can do for your skin what these three Paradox essentials do.



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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

In the French seaside town of Deauville, the wedding of Countess Isabelle Potocka to Count Hubert d'Ornano



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For two days, all of Deauville seemed given over to that resort's most important wedding in years. The civil ceremony was performed, appropriately, by Deauville's new mayor, Count Michel d'Ornano, the brother of the groom. That evening seventy people—family and close friends—gathered for a dinner-dance at the Hotel Royal on the beach.

Hundreds of other guests arrived the next morning for the religious ceremony uniting Count Hubert d'Ornano with Countess Isabelle Potocka, the daughter of a Polish diplomat. She is the niece of Prince and Princess Stanislas Radziwill—the Paris papers stressed "niece by marriage of Jacqueline Kennedy."

From Paris, a special train brought Polish princesses, Portuguese marquises, Spanish countesses, Baltic barons, English diplomats, and a swarm of young Parisian beauties. (One compartment, staffed by two hairdressers, was set aside to keep them beautiful.) From the train, the guests were driven directly to the church, where garlands of oak leaves and lilies decorated the nave, pages



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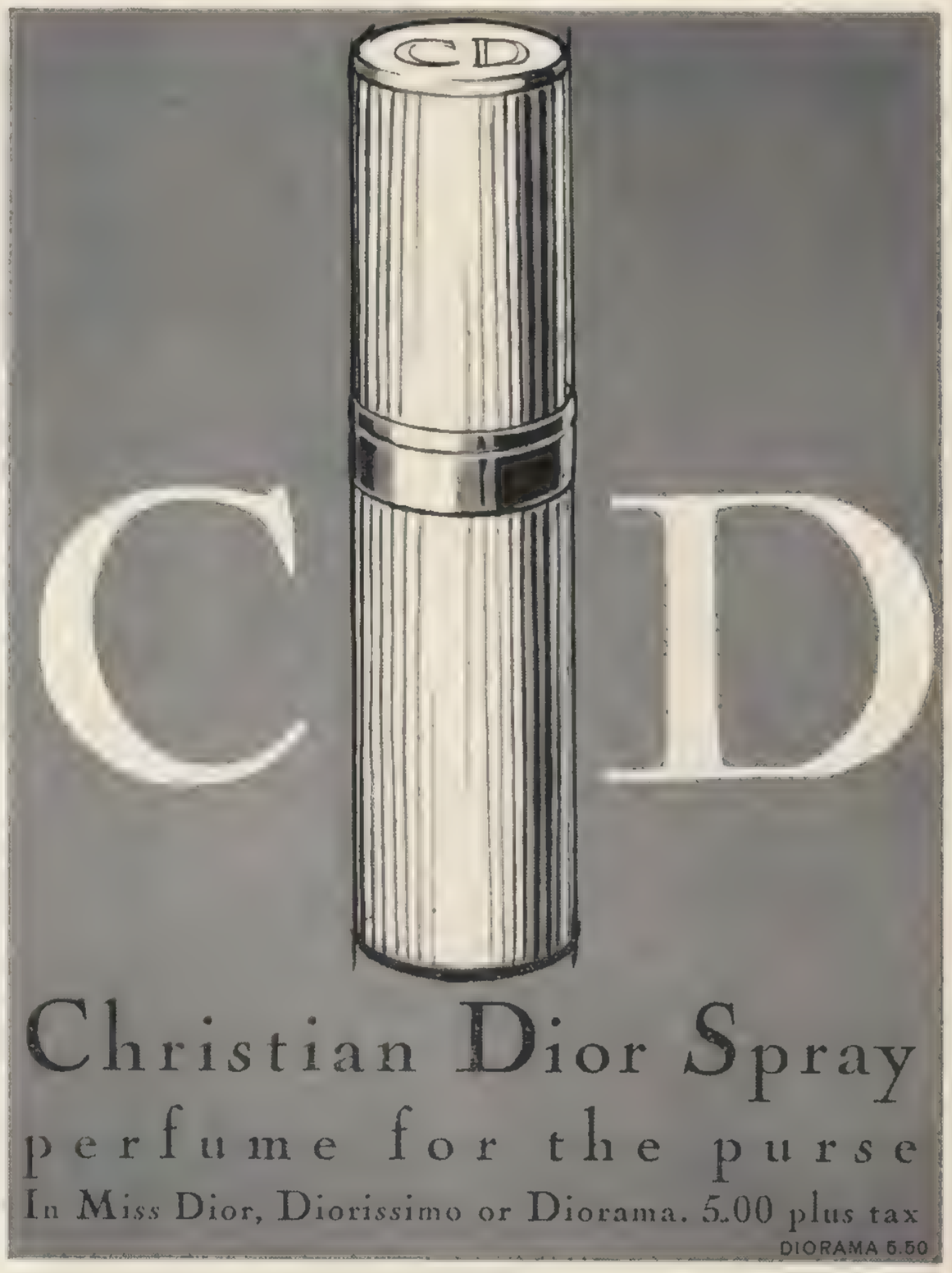
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wore frilled shirts and silver-buckled shoes, and soloists from the Opéra de Paris sang Mozart's "Coronation Mass."

After the ceremony, the streets of Deauville resounded with cheers and the blare of trumpets, and two horses led a procession to luncheon for a thousand at Les Ambassadeurs. There the bride and groom cut into, with a sword, a wedding cake that the groom's brother, the mayor, had ordered—it weighed in at nearly a quarter of a ton. "The new mayor," a local paper observed, "likes to do things big."

1. After the wedding luncheon: the bride and groom. 2. Arriving at the Deauville town hall for the civil ceremony: the bride and groom; Countess Anne Potocka, the mother of the bride; Countess Michel d'Ornano. 3. At the airport: Princess Stanislas Radziwill with her children, Anthony and Anna-Christina, and Mr. Morgan Tvede. 4. Miss Jill Weldon; Count Jean de Beaumont. 5. The bride and groom dance. 6. At the dinner-dance: Count Michel d'Ornano, Princess Radziwill, Marquise de Cadaval, Prince de Liechtenstein.





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The Metropolitan Museum of Art

255 Gracie Station, New York 28 G5

Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed

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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

For the Paris début of Mlle. Diane Segard, a thousand guests in an eighteenth-century house

Encircled by flowers, young beauties, and *le tout Paris*, Mlle. Diane Segard, in a pale-pink Lanvin dress of layered organza, made her début at an enchanting ball given by her parents, M. and Mme. Jacques Segard, in the Hôtel de Bérulle. From the first seignioral storey where the Segards live in a calm of eighteenth-century furniture and Impressionist paintings, guests drifted through tall windows to a walled garden. Transformed with deft, polychromatic strokes by the famous decorator, Jacques Frank, into an airy ballroom, the garden glowed under a midnight-blue canopy swung with crystal chandeliers, blazed in candlelight and pink-and-white hortensia. The débutantes, many with their hair crowned with postiches, danced to bossa novas and sambas poured out by the jazzy band from the Afro-Parisian boîte, Keur-Samba. In this lovely columned, white stone house, built in 1752 by Brongniart, the ball began at ten, and by midnight the dance floor thronged with dancers. The girls in that special French way of being beautiful but not *chargée*, wore mostly long, narrowly-shaped dresses in blues, whites, or pinks; their long, slender throats, notably unjewelled. Around two in the morning, a cold buffet was served from long tables in the reception rooms. Guests gathered at small tables, swagged in gold lamé, under ivy-wrapped trees in the garden for champagne and drinks. At four, there were platters of scrambled eggs, and with the dawn, hot cups of coffee with *croissants*. Totally memorable, this party ended at seven with Mlle. Diane Segard happily aware that all's right with her world.



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SABINE WEISS



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1. In the walled garden of the Hôtel de Bérulle. Mlle. Diane Segard, the débutante, a grandniece of M. Jean Prouvost, the founder and president of the magazine, *Paris Match* and founder of *Marie Claire*. 2. Mlle. Isabelle Saint-André Perrin. 3. Mlle. Marie-Laure Prouvost, a cousin of the débutante. 4. Princesse Jean Caracciolo. 5. Mlle. Géraldine Eonnet with M. Marc d'Anselme. 6. Mlle. Passerose Rueff. 7. Some of the thousand guests on the terrace and dancing in the blue-canopied garden at the ball. 8. Miss Anne Ford, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford II. 9. Mlle. Beatrix du Chayla.



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Missing, too, from Delmonico's, are the other unpleasant "self-service" products of this frenzied age of automation. Instead, we use *servants.* Trained in the grand tradition.

Such people are rare in today's hotel world. Pre-war type maids who take *pride* in their vocation—indeed, regard it as a *profession.* Waiters who not only *know* what they should do—but do it with a *flair.* Clerks who *learn* the individual likes and dislikes of each guest they serve—and *cater* to them.

It's something to think about on your next trip to New York.

Service. In the grand tradition. As you would expect from the New York counterpart of the Colony Hotel in Palm Beach.

(Let your travel agent make reservations for you. Or write us direct. Either way, we'll be happy to send our chauffeur and our Rolls—if you wish—to meet you at the airport.)

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FONTEYN— THE ENCHANTRESS

BY SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

To watch her walk down the street, cross a room, bend to do up a shoe ribbon, is to experience a sense of astonishment; partly because like all persons of remarkable physical beauty, and beautiful dancers in particular, she actually does in some freakish way appear to give off light (the velvet Mexican dancer Nicholas Magallanes had this unnerving gift to such an extent that he made one think of that rather lugubrious hymn about Jesus bidding us shine, you in your small corner and I in mine); and partly because hers is, of course, one of the most fully-documented faces of our age. The "Mona Lisa," the Taj Mahal by moonlight, Niagara Falls, and Dame Margot Fonteyn de Arias—they are part of our lives, but, like all legends, at a distance. I know her as well as I know Jorinda and Jorindel, Catskin, the Princess Aurora, or the Snow Queen. So do we all.

She looks almost precisely the same as she did when I first saw her, as the Woman in a Ball Dress in "Apparitions," in 1936. Small, elegant, and sprightly as a little cat, she is delicate-boned, olive-skinned, with tiny hands, pretty feet, big dark gold eyes that look black in stage lights, and an enormous vulnerably brilliant smile that suddenly makes one realize how there are unexpected elements in her face that belong not to the Swan Queen but to a bizarre and touching little clown. Her hair is long, blue-black, very shiny, unwaved, folded in to the back of her neat small head and looking simply like human-type hair—which when you think about it, is rare enough today to be worthy of comment ("I washed it in the basin in a friend's room in Claridge's," she says. "The water's soft there").

The straight back and waist that has never grown thicker make her Dior clothes look gay and just the smallest amount like costume—she has a red top-coat and shiny black heeled boots which turn her into a Puss in Boots only missing the sackful of rabbits over one arm. Clothes evidently matter to her—Nureyev owns a short white leather coat she cheerfully covets—but not, one would guess, to a point of fuss. Her whole appearance is exotic, Latin, southern—and indeed she is part Brazilian. When she opens her mouth and speaks, she turns into a thoroughly nice English girl. "A jolly girl," Frederick Ashton says, on the basis of thirty years of friendship and close working relationship. Certainly she laughs a lot—a high, clear giggle that, one suspects, covers shyness, hesitancy, and serves as a polite cover for a gap when she doesn't want to answer a question.

She no longer has a home of her own in London—her only house and permanent home is now in Panama. She plans, when visiting England, to stay with her mother in her mother's little studio house by the Royal Ballet's rehearsal and classrooms in Hammersmith, a house Burne-Jones designed overlooking the St. Paul's playing fields on one side and a stately cemetery on the other. One gathers London depresses her very much in bad weather ("One looks so awful and everything's so dirty") and what she looks forward to is hot sun, holidays, swimming ("I can't think why anyone dances. It hurts so much, one's almost always in pain somewhere. I've enjoyed class sometimes, maybe, when there hasn't been the responsibility of an audience..."). She doesn't plan to retire. She doesn't, she says, plan anything; things simply happen.

There is about her, in spite of the wide warm smile and the laughter, a terrific reserve, a cool, poised calm that walls her round like a glass box. "She won't come towards you till she's sure," Robert Helpmann

said, "it's the same with her dancing." (He also said, with the smallest possible surprise at the memory, that he danced with her for twelve years without really talking to her at all, then quite suddenly got to know her in Florence.) Everyone speaks admiringly and affectionately of her, speaks of her warmth, generosity, and kindness, tells how she is adored abroad. If you ask: "Has she any close friends?" they say doubtfully: "She knows an enormous amount of people *everywhere*." Her marriage to Roberto de Arias, an international lawyer, once Panamanian Ambassador to the Court of St. James, clearly matters to her immensely. So, clearly, do old friendships. It is very moving to think of the length of time she and Ashton have worked together since he made "Le Baiser de la Fée" for her in 1935. "She is my child," he said, punching a cushion in a desperate attempt to show, with a sort of infinitely courteous fury, that ballet is like sculpture and if only it involved clay or even pencil and paper and could be got on with in solitude it would all be a great deal easier. "I may not see her for six weeks at a time, but I know she's there."

Dutiful, practical, sensible; a well-disciplined lady, dedicated and marvellously trained in the Ninette de Valois style to humility, lack of nonsense, absence of the more tedious excesses of theatrical temperament. "We never had an argument, let alone a row, during the whole of our partnership," Helpmann said: "It speaks rather well for both of us." Ashton said: "When you think that Pavlova slapped Mordkin's face in front of the curtain. . . ." And Helpmann: "She's a marvellous worker in company. That's the way we were trained." Time and again you hear "the way we learnt it . . . the way we were brought up . . . the way we were taught to behave."

It speaks well for De Valois; and time and again Fonteyn's colleagues refer to the excellence and correctness of her behaviour as prima ballerina assoluta of the company, her lack of airs and starry demands. Michael Somes, her partner during her greatest years, speaks of her impeccable behaviour abroad: "She'd always be on time at rehearsal, always keep to the rules of the theatre, never ask for special concessions, special facilities. . . ." She has learnt to make speeches in public, a thing she does not much enjoy. As President of the Royal Academy of Dancing, she organizes the yearly charity gala to the last detail, even sells the advertising space herself—and successfully.

Capable, thorough, utterly disciplined and with all the gentleness and humility of spirit, she has somewhere a steely element that can not be swayed. "Just try to change her mind," Helpmann said. Obstinate, one has heard, mulish even. Ashton reduced her to tears once and once only, when they first worked together and she wasn't much more than a child, on the premise that either she or he was going to have to give way once and for all, and for the good of ballet the choice seemed clear.

Cecil Beaton, designing for her in Ashton's new "Marguerite and Armand" (he designed the first "Apparitions" for the same dancer and choreographer for the princely sum of one hundred and fifty dollars or so), said she is tremendously businesslike. "She goes into a deep trance when she's thinking. She's very precise—and so cold one could sometimes smack her, but she's all the time talking sense." Ashton, who can mime you a personality as soon as describe it in words, sits up extra straight and draws his two thumbs together down on to his knees. A dutiful girl, a jolly girl; also very determined. In her rôle as an ambassador's wife, she went through with the job with the utmost correctness, leaving the right cards, working right through the list according to the book; Madame Hägglöf, wife of the Swedish ambassador, said respectfully she could never have achieved this feat herself.

It is generally agreed that she has been slow to mature, has learnt, by consummate stagecraft, to conceal her weaknesses

(Continued on page 66)



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FONTEYN—THE ENCHANTRESS

(Continued from page 65)

—lack of speed (as a supremely relaxed dancer. she never had the pace of the tense dancers), lack of ability to jump spectacularly high, lack of technical virtuosity; and has three unassailable qualities—flawless musicality ("It's impossible for her to get out of time"), great beauty of line, and the innate inability, at her purest, ever to make a flashy or applause-catching gesture. "She danced simply for *it*," Helpmann said, "with a complete disregard for the public; I mean she was incapable of cheap tricks." And Ashton: "She always stayed, as it were, within her cadre."

She was born in 1919. and since 1934. when she danced her first solo role (Young Treginnis in "The Haunted Ballroom") a very great deal has been written about her special gifts; Helpmann said, and this I rather like: "She's just got talent. They're rare birds."

What I find especially interesting about her case is that she is the total contradiction. the absolute reversal of the old tradition of the Theatrical Personage as vagabond, tumbler, pickpocket, and layabout. Even in the days of the Imperial Ballet, when a dancer was respected, honoured, and adored in a very practical manner with a lot of pretty little bits and bobs by Fabergé, it was still quite accepted that you might become the great and good protected friend of a Grand Duke. Fonteyn is a Dame Commander Order of the British Empire, the holder of various honorary degrees, and in a very genuine sense an ambassador for England.

It is Fonteyn's special unaccountable gift that by an arrangement of limbs, head and body, by an expression, a movement, a gesture, she can convey precisely and with the simplest, briefest poetry what it is like to be a village girl carried off by pirates, a peasant betrayed and driven mad, a water spirit without a heart, a swan girl, a firebird, a little princess dancing for her birthday.

She can conceal the mechanics of a physical activity so demanding that only daily, dedicated, relentless work can keep a body strong and obedient enough. (Ashton, who has an adorable crooked wit. once made a curtain speech after a revival of "Nocturne" in which he mostly has to make a wide, cloaked gesture of acceptance over Paris at dawn: "I want to thank you for the affection with which you have remembered my ballet," he said, "and to tell you how pleased I am to discover that, after three and a half years' absence, I can still raise my arms.")

Ashton's lyric, poetic, tender, and spangled genius has made for Fonteyn some of the most beautiful moments both of her career and of the theatre as a whole—floating travelled lifts, snatches of the absolute and breathtaking serenity she can assume in repose, shining seconds of the extraordinary very young, not quite sure, questioning happiness she conveys so touchingly and that is so much part of the flickering, sweet-sour, delicate, and disturbing mood of much of Ashton's best work.

Since most of the great classic rôles in ballet are pensive, tragic, dramatic, only new works can continue to develop her expressive acting talent (Irene Worth said that she has learnt a great deal about acting from watching Fonteyn dance) and especially her gift for swift, light gaiety. Having once seen her dance, with the shiniest wit in the world, the Tango in "Façade," I wish a certain worldly, diamond streak in her talent had not been neglected in favour of the eternal faithful-hearted Giselle. But there isn't much one can decently complain about. As she takes a perfectly simple solo curtain, she can make you cry. Analysis gets you nowhere; it's just something to be grateful for.

She has danced through two very interesting and totally different partnerships—first with Robert Helpmann, the total theatrical talent, the wizard and the peerless irrepressible comic

mime, and Michael Somes, the noble, self-forgetting, pure classical dancer.

Now she has a new partner in Rudolf Nureyev. It was she who invited Nureyev to London to dance at her Drury Lane Gala. What the partnership seems to have provided for her is some sort of challenge—to dance at a higher pitch, modify and change interpretations we have come to know well over the years, develop some quality to match the climate of tremendous drama and physical excitement Nureyev generates—not to mention the "personal modifications" he introduces into the classic ballets.

At present she appears to be one of the few people who can influence him; in exchange he is said to have some voice even in her decisions over costume details. Her performance in "Swan Lake" has changed—and in the opinion of some experts is something less pure than it was—since she has been dancing it with Nureyev. "The British are very conservative about the classics," he said in his autobiography. "It is perfectly true, I think, that the Covent Garden productions of "Swan Lake" and "The Sleeping Beauty" are nearer to the original Maryinsky versions than those of Kirov or the Bolshoi. But this seems to me a fault, not a virtue. To keep a theatrical work alive, to make it have the same effect on the audience as it had when it was first performed, it must be developed all the time."

This is a point on which experts will fight to the death, and Fonteyn, as our greatest dancer, so far known as a guardian of traditional values, will be watched closely and jealously by those who feel that not all change is for the good. Some would say every dancer needs at a crucial point in her career a fresh impetus, that a new interpretation is a great dancer's prerogative. One also thinks of Helpmann who said: "She would never dance for applause," and Somes who said that what he most admired during their partnership was "her absorption in the attainment of perfection, her respect for the traditions of the classical ballet—she could never deviate or do anything vulgar to catch the eye."

Maybe, with so many highly talented, idiosyncratic little ballerinas pressing along in the Company, the time for a solid, English-type "team spirit" pattern is over. The guess is that Fonteyn has two or three years of full-time dancing ahead of her. For her, a modification or development of style may be necessary. She might be at some sort of crossroads.

To the lay observer, the outsider who is not a member of her enclosed order, this is a perplexing personality. Very reserved, yet, they say, gay and fond of practical jokes. Nureyev is called Jas by his friends because when he first arrived in England she smuggled him secretly into class, introducing him, on the vague and unpredictable spur of the moment, as Mr. Jasmine, the improbable Christian name of a Polish dancer who was due to appear at her gala.

She cooks, she has a quick talent for picking up difficult local dances in a strange idiom—Somes said he has watched her dance in the caves with Spanish gypsies with remarkable conviction. She has been described to me as "a wonderful example of discipline and humility." She is reluctant to talk about herself, she likes going to the movies, she wants to learn the bossa nova, she has been granted the right to ride free through any American amusement park's Tunnel of Love for the rest of her life.

She thinks ballet performances should live and die, not be recorded on film. She is not tragically beautiful like Karsavina nor bubbling and immediate like Lopokova. When she brushes her hair in a dressing room the gestures are as economical and elegant as any she makes on stage; she whisks about in a wicker-covered, chauffeur-driven Mini as neat as she is. She has a conscience, a sense of duty; she has spent her life perfecting her extraordinary talent. You will never really understand her, anymore than you understand a Mother Superior if the nearest you get to prayer is whistling in the dark.



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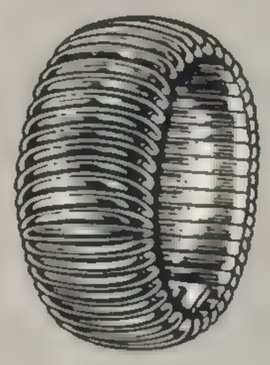
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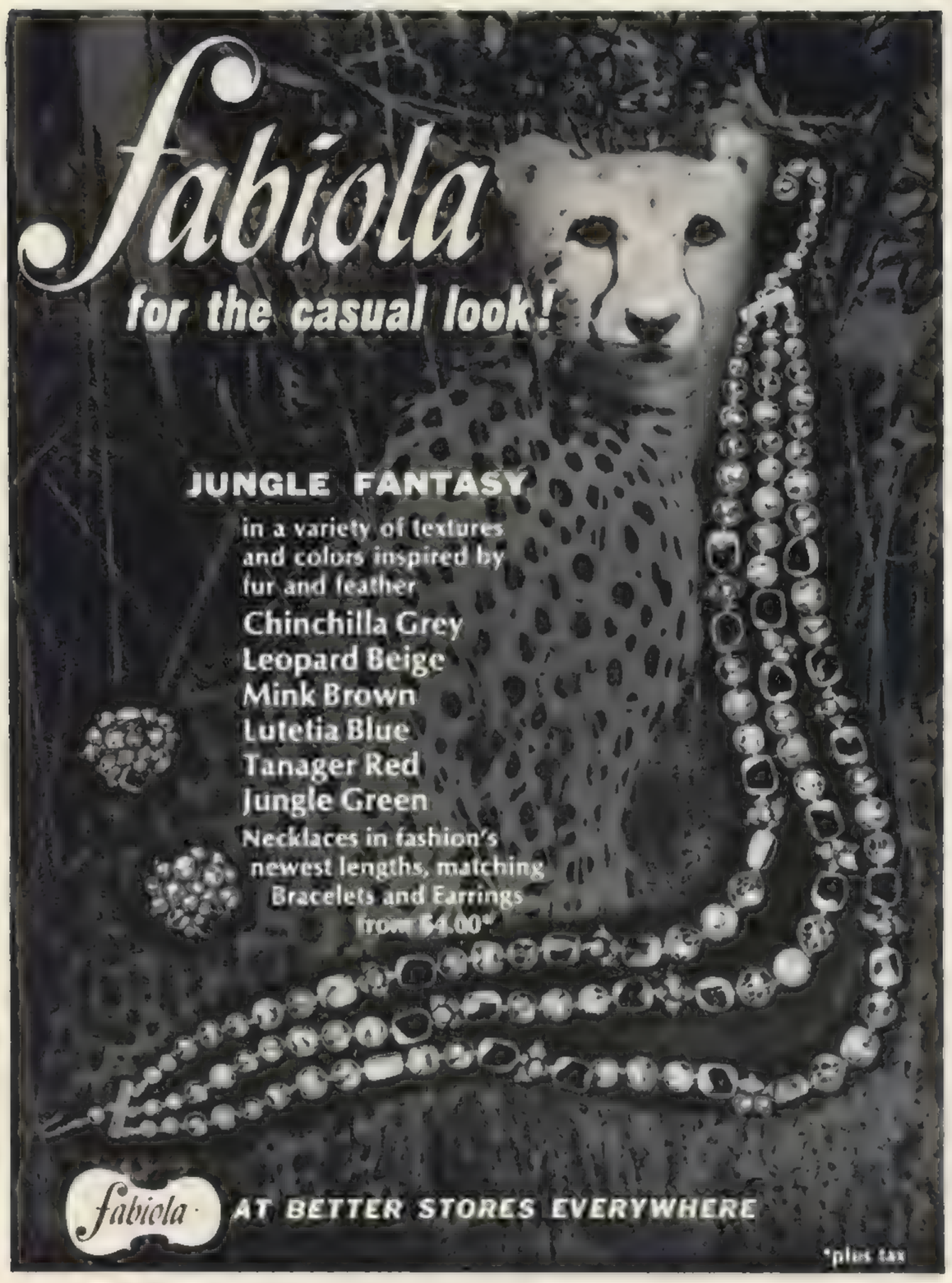


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A STORY BY BARBARA FORTINBERRY

She had returned to Tokyo and to the Imperial Hotel, which lies sprawled near the old moats surrounding the Emperor's Palace. It was a warm September day, with light rain from time to time, and she went directly to the Garden Bar and sat down at a table next to the big windows. Deciding it was too early for a drink she ordered some coffee and settled back to look out upon the garden.

The garden was set in a rectangular courtyard surrounded by the brown brick and mottled grey stone building that abutted and jutted and rambled around, hunching over it like an old warted-up frog. A beguiling frog, though, this cosy monster of Frank Lloyd Wright's early creation; its ugliness grew soft upon familiarity. Structurally it wasn't the least bit soft, as was confirmed on the day of its opening when Tokyo was stricken with the most savage earthquake in its history. The city was levelled and a hundred thousand people were killed; but the Imperial was hardly damaged and held its own through the whole ordeal, as Wright had intended it should. In fact, soup and rice were ladled out of its huge cooking vats for hundreds of bruised and bewildered homeless seething in the park across the street.

She felt a great affection for the place, partly because of this resiliency, and partly because they—she and it—were the same age. She had been born the very day the hotel was completed, two weeks before the Big Bump. (She quietly damned the people who persisted in calling it the *Old* Imperial, in distinguishing it from the new wing built after the war.) Having been born in the mountains of New Hampshire and hardly close by at the time, she had not been aware they shared the day in common until she had first come to Japan three years earlier. But she imagined a mutual affinity between the two of them, feeling the Imperial had in some way given her a great deal and that she in turn owed something to it.

She was thinking of these things as she drank her coffee and gazed out of the window. The pool in the garden, designed to look as though it meandered alongside the windows, was about eight inches deep, spanned by a tiny bridge; a mossy stone lantern sat upon its bank. The bottom was covered with oval smooth black stones: the water was silver-black but clear, and in it were reflected the overhanging cherry tree and the stone lantern and the surrounding miniature trees and shrubs. The pattern of the black stones ran through this reflection so that it appeared to be entirely set in mosaic, disturbed only slightly and rhythmically by the small intermingling circles made by the raindrops on the surface.

At times the rain would fade out, the sky would brighten faintly beyond the thin cloud layer. At these moments the reflection in the water would grow more intense, and she became aware that she could just make out the shape of her own face reflected in the window. A bare outline stayed even as the sun retreated, and watching the pool through this sparsely drawn image of herself she began to feel removed—detached from her immediate surroundings, and a part instead of the scene outside. The presence of her there seemed justified by this superimposition; she was almost compelled to go beyond the confines of the room.

As she watched, somewhat mesmerized by the mosaic and the motion, a turtle came cruising along under the water but not touching bottom with his webbed feet, moving in the manner of a skin diver. He circled once the slightly rounded-out

(Continued on next page)

part of the pool that was next to her window, nosing up from time to time to nudge a floating leaf, and then headed straight for her. The window came all the way down to the floor, and there was nothing between it and the water except a tiny concrete embankment, perhaps four inches wide. The turtle swam up to this, put his front two feet upon it, raised his head extending his long neck, and looked straight up into her face. She looked straight back, wondering idly what was on his mind, but after a minute of this he retracted his head, pushed off and cruised back in the direction he had come. She smiled, still speculating on his mission.

The reflection of her face wavered, congealed, wavered again.

She shook herself slightly and turned back to the room to order another cup of coffee. Just as it was being served she noticed a blue-backed beetle on the surface of the water. It at once became very important to her to make definitely sure it was a water bug and not a drowning one. She leaned over to look closely, and yes, it seemed able to walk upon the water.

Her relief was all out of proportion to the event, yet she knew that had it been drowning she would have been compelled to rescue it, and this would have been impossible to do without creating a scene. The Garden Bar was air-conditioned, as was the entire hotel, and although the windows had handles with which to open them, they had a sealed-up look, very permanent. There were three or four clots of other people in the narrow room, including several Americans, all sitting at the remaining tables by the windows. Some were talking in low voices; others, particularly the Japanese, in the way Orientals have of refusing to fill every moment with conversation, were gazing absently out into the garden. It was very quiet.

She settled back with the second cup when at once she was jerked back to the window again. She had caught sight of a small white moth, wings outstretched on top of the water, being pushed along slowly into her view. She watched it a moment in mounting panic. Dear God let it be dead, she thought. It lay immobile; the little current from somewhere that had thrust it into her small area of responsibility had deserted, and it hung there. Nothing stirred. Surely dead.

But as she stared hard she saw a convulsive flutter of the wings. Only an instant, but enough to turn it slightly in the water. Perhaps she only imagined it. She stared harder, and watched. Then again the same thing happened. It must have gathered strength again to make the vain attempt to free itself. There was no mistake. The moth was still alive.

Now there were several things that came into her mind at that moment. The first was, how long would he live? The second was, how in the name of God was she going to pull him out? The significant thing was that the only question which did not come to mind was whether or not she *should* pull him out. That seemed to have been already decided for her. And why? Why, she wondered, was it so vastly important to her that he should live? Had it something to do with the turtle and his apparent plea? Asinine!

She seemed to feel that because she was all that was between his life and his death she could not walk away and let him go. Perhaps it was in some way connected with her feeling of accountability to the Old Imperial (she absently slid into the name herself) because of their birthdays. She didn't know. Just what she would do she didn't know either. All she knew was that do it she must.

But wait a minute. The tiny current from somewhere that had brought the moth into her view in the first place seemed now to stir it again. Faintly he started to move, then stop, then move again—almost imperceptibly; she had to watch his progress closely in relation to the stones along the bottom to make sure he moved at all. But he did, and perhaps herein lay her reprieve. For just this side of the bridge, in a line with the direction the moth was heading, was a tiny boulder sloping

(Continued on page 70)



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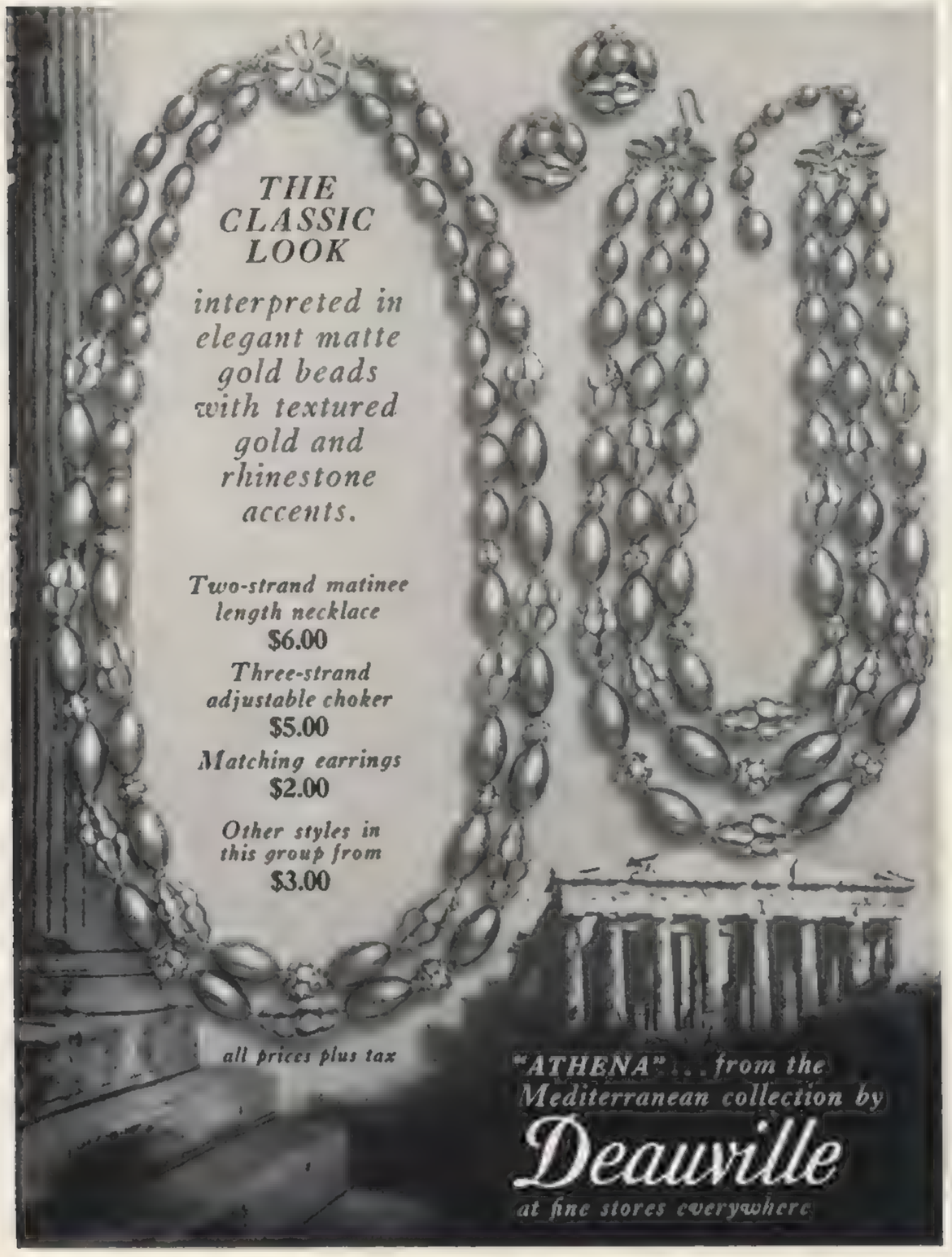
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(Continued from page 69)

gradually up from the surface. It looked to her that if the moth continued his forward course he could not help but come onto the boulder where he could climb out upon dry land.

And sure enough it continued on its way.

She was now concentrating intensely on the moth's progress. Pushing him along mentally she was oblivious to anything going on inside the room. Exalting at every inch of forward movement, despairing at each one backwards. Come on moth, attaboy! Slow breeze, just a little bit! His progress continued moreover to the point where she was certain he was going to make it eventually. And just then the current picked up, where it neared the narrow part and was stronger, to push the moth forward at an astounding rate—right straight toward the rock. Then in one final rush he came almost up against the rock, but as quickly was swept along its side out into the tiny channel that went under the bridge. If he goes under there I've had it, she thought. But he continued on to the other side; apparently the circular sweep past the rock had carried him along in its momentum and there he was, nudging along the small rocks that lined the opposite bank.

Well, she breathed, he'll surely be close enough in to make one of those.

He appeared, in fact, almost to bump along from rock to rock, but as she watched in a sweat of concerted concentration she saw that he never actually touched the rock itself. At this point the waiter arrived with the check which she had signalled for a few minutes earlier when victory seemed within reach. She signed it, then went back to her vigil. But damn! In those few seconds of letting go her watchfulness, he had been swept out half a foot.

She realized something she should have realized before. There was a tiny acceleration of current at the place where the rocks met the water—not enough to detect visibly, but apparently enough to keep the featherweight body of the moth from alighting. It was obvious that the moth lacked the strength to cross this miniature hurdle. And it was increasingly obvious that he never would gain it—that he would go on drifting, with safety within tantalizing fractions of inches, until he died of exhaustion or drowned.

So it is going to be me, after all, she thought. But how? She looked at her watch and saw that she had been sitting there for an hour and fifteen minutes. What endurance that moth had, come to think of it. How much did she have? And how much courage?

Now courage is a funny thing, she thought. If the pool had not been a miniature one inside a small garden in a hotel enclosure in the middle of the biggest city in the world, but had been something big enough for a child to fall into and get into trouble, would it actually take courage to jump in after it? Certainly not for a good swimmer. But here she was, with this certainty that if she were ever to respect herself again she had to do something that involved no particle of danger; involved no possibility that she might even get her shoes wet; and yet she hesitated.

She knew that no matter how she decided to perform the rescue she would not only be extremely conspicuous, but that everyone in the room would think she was at the very least a complete fool, or drunk, or crazy, or all three. She might be stopped and questioned.

For at this point there was no possibility of reaching the moth through the bar windows. It was necessary to go out of the room into the hall, pry open heavy glass doors, and step out into the garden where no one ever stepped. For the garden was meant only to look at, not to walk in. The doors, she knew, had signs on them saying, "Please Do Not Open." Once she went ahead and did it, provided she was able to, it would be like stepping out upon a brightly lit stage—stark naked.

She visualized what she would do if someone stopped her

before she could get the huge doors unlocked and open. "I'm sorry it is forbidden to go in the garden," they would say. "But don't you realize there's a moth dying out there!," she would protest. Fine. Well. she argued with herself, do you really care that much about what people say or think? This is a pretty small thing, but rightly or wrongly it appears to take guts for you to do it. Now, do you have the guts or do you not?

She looked out again for the moth. He had swirled on underneath an overhanging low branch of a bush. She could. awkwardly to be sure, but she *could* part the bush and get to him there. If he drifted on much further he would become hidden completely where the water lay under a denser foliage. The time was now.

She got up from the table, discreetly trying to unstick her slip—she had become quite hot—and left the room. The waiter bowed her out. Around a corner were the doors and beside the doors a bench. She went directly to it and sat down again, opening her bag to search for a rescue boat. She found a shallow wooden box of matches that she thought would do; she was afraid he might spill out of her bare hand. So she dumped the loose matches into her bag, except one which she used to light a cigarette after she finally got the right end to her mouth. A stalling manoeuvre, she realized, but she figured she needed time to plot her exact path through the garden and the exact motions she would make when she got there. She also wanted to be sure none of the hotel personnel was nearby. They weren't—just a couple of tourists walking down the hall, and the clerks in the shops on the other side of the corridor.

But she mustn't wait. What if the moth were at this moment drifting down where she couldn't find him. She stood up, hotter than ever. snuffed out the cigarette, and wrenched at the lock that turned to open the door. It took a frantic push to move it. and another to slide the door open, but she finally managed and stepped out on the stones heading toward the pond.

As she walked, it was only fifteen feet perhaps, she flattened out the half of the box she held in her damp hand. Although the twelve or fifteen people behind the glass only three feet away could see her perfectly, she knew, she did not look at them. She went straight for the part of the pool with the overhanging bush. But she could not see the moth. even when she parted a couple of the little branches. Gaining time, she stooped and picked up a stone in a few inches of water, pretended to examine it, and slipped it into her bag. (I could pose as a rock hound, she thought, even to her own amusement.) But she searched for the moth. Ah there he was. under that branch. She leaned over with the matchbox. scooped under him, and brought him up.

But one wing folded and one splayed out onto the box. After all this. to have been so stupid as to have killed him! Carefully she moved him with a finger to put the wings back in place, at the same time pushing him along to a dryer part of the box. He moved, raised his wings a bit, and brought himself up in a more moth-like position. He seemed to be—he was—he was quite whole and undamaged. Her whole attention was engaged in this by now and she thought no more about the people. She walked over to a hydrangea bush at the edge of the garden and, selecting a dry broad leaf underneath and sheltered by one above, she gently eased him off the box. He walked out resolutely upon the dry absorbent surface, moved up to the base of the leaf. and settled there.

She turned back toward the door, crumpled the soggy box in her hand with a jubilant squeeze, tossed it away, and strode on in; sliding the door shut behind her. She then walked on out past the bar, through the lobby and into the rain beyond the revolving doors, turning back just once to glance at the pocked grey stone of the Old Imperial before she went upon her way.



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Lace-patterned black Bermuda-length pantie girdle, *above*, looking delightfully fragile but, capable of doing a number of things. It has a second-skin fit that smooths and moulds from the waist to the knee for a clean thigh-line—essential, for instance, under long pants. By Warner's of Ban-Lon lace and Vyrene. About $11 at Lord & Taylor; Joseph Magnin.

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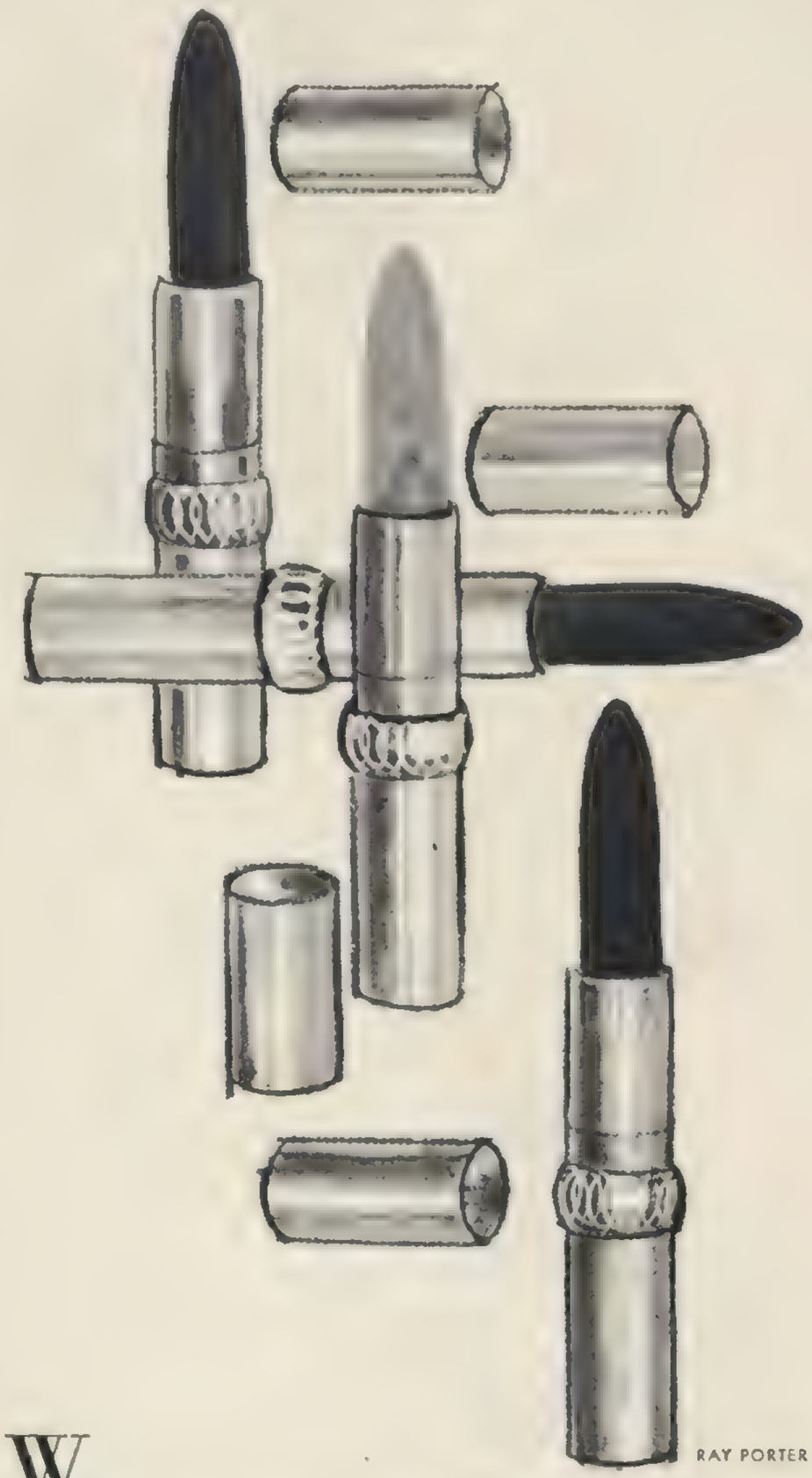
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CLUE-IN TO FASHION

the new vintage lipsticks



RAY PORTER

What do the lipstick people do when a wave of colour sweeps fashion? They provide all the right lipstick answers is what. Germaine Monteil, for instance, has four new colours raring to go. The lightest is a soft, pinked-up Rosé, and it goes with black and all the good new greens—palest almond to jade to deep emerald. Next in line, a special order for the smashing white clothes—fresh, ripe Cherry Brandy.

For fawn, stone, and all the delicious earth colours around now: Claret Red, with a smidge of gold in its make-up, and faintly blue-flavoured Burgundy Red. Over any of these, any evening, Lumium Plus is the shimmer to add.

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Everyone says "new", but not everyone does it. Young Viewpoint does... by creating an inspired opulence in textured fabric. The look of hand-beading is dramatically achieved by artfully knitting shimmering Mylar with dove-soft wool. The look is, at once, exciting and tasteful... discerningly tailored for the custom-size figure. The theatre suit, in three beautiful parts, about $75. The gently scooped-neck dress with easy elasticized waist, about $55. Both, beige/gold; ice blue/silver; black/gold. Both, sizes 12½ to 22½. At Lord & Taylor, New York; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago; I. Magnin Co., West Coast; The J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit; R. H. Stearns Company, Boston; Frost Brothers, San Antonio. Or write to Young Viewpoint Knits, Inc., 1400 Broadway, New York 18.





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Calèche comes boxed in a velvety beige, with a touch of black. ½ oz., $17.50. The cologne, 4 oz., $7.50. Prices plus tax.
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"WHERE YOU CAN BUY"—SEE LAST PAGE



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"WHERE YOU CAN BUY"—SEE LAST PAGE

COLORS GO MAD

and you'll feel so glad in new "Flowers Flambeau" print! It sends sparks of color excitement throughout your fall wardrobe... smoulders under the season's important reds, blazes beneath its ultra blues, kindles young sophistication under black or greys. In this anything-goes fashion mood, "Flowers Flambeau" nylon bra, 5.00; nylon petticoat, 5.95; long-leg pantie, 10.00. At the fine fashion stores that are upsetting the color cart this fall...underneath-it-all!



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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

The new haircut—and the partial permanent

One haircut has taken over. New York, Los Angeles, Paris, London, Rome all have it—and whatever its country of origin (and there's some argument), we call it the Drôle Idée cut. You saw it on page 147 of Vogue's September 1 issue; see a flick of it on page 120 of this issue; will see a Roman version of it again in the October 1 issue. All it is is a short tucked-in nape; longer side pieces loping into the face or tucked back of the ears (but in either case usually set with Scotch tape); an egg-shaped dome at the crown. Which is to say, all it is is magnificent cutting. The key to its newness, all hands agree, is in the crown, which must be raised slightly, must be smooth but not frothy, must not collapse. While it's conceivable that the rest of the cut could string along without a permanent wave, successful crown-raising depends upon body. Permanent wave makers, hardly stunned by this development, have lined up some choices for you including materials for partial permanents (just the crown and the nape if you like) or involving larger than average curlers and milder than average juice. Among the newer ideas in permanent waves going great guns at the salons is one the Helene Curtis people call by a name that means what it says: it's the Change of Pace permanent—worth investigating if you're Drôle Idée-ing.

Who has the cut?

Many hairdressers in many cities are cutting themselves into the new Drôle Idée cut as we go to press—but until every county is heard from, this little list could be called representative: In New York, Mr. Kenneth; Norbert of Revlon; David of the Chatham; Robert Verdi; Joyce Christopher. In Los Angeles, Gene Shakov. In Rome, Fillipo; Eve of Rome. In Paris, Alexandre and everybody who watches Alexandre. In London, Vidal Sassoon—about whom, more later (this interesting young hair designer is headed for the world).

Bosoms, bosoms, bosoms

Although about one-fourth of the nation wears some form of exaggeration in brassière and bathing suit, what the Dior dress on page 115 is talking about is the real thing. Or is it? The bared small-big bosom, more redolent of charm than of smoulder, looks bona fide—but for the creature whose luck doesn't run in those channels, what in the world of beauty can be done to equip her for such a décolletage? Short of extreme measures in the medical sphere (endocrinology; surgical implantation), not a spectacularly great deal, but in brassièring ever so much can be accomplished. Three brassières that push up, round, and all but create a charming young bosom are the one-quarter bra by Dior for Warner's; the demi bra by Trigère for Formfit; the "Débutante" bra with wide straps by Hollywood Vassarette. Pellon also does a rather good job, approximating a bosom without actual fakery. The fitting of the brassière, whatever its price and circumstance, is something to spend some time over; in the redistribution of a little flesh, every millimeter counts. To highlight the shape of the bosom, a touch of moisturizing lotion adds a deceptive gleam.

Good weight, bad figure

Getting one's weight down to a "good" weight is still a preoccupation. In Paris, there's talk that Porthault, makers of the world's most delicious sheets, may come out with a reducing sheet. In London, a teaspoonful of honey first thing in the morning, last thing at night, is a current weight-losing fad. In the U.S., a second wave of Metrecaling has begun, this time with a deeper understanding that no matter what one diets upon—carbohydrate, fat, protein—all that really matters is that you cut down your caloric intake. . . . But Vogue's point here goes on from here: specifically, good weight doesn't make a good figure; muscle tone does. We assume you know that; are taking measures; will keep them up in a winter adaptation. One of the indications of how the country's caught on to the rôle of muscle tone in shaping the figure is the steady ten-year upcurve on the sales charts of Relax-A-cizor.

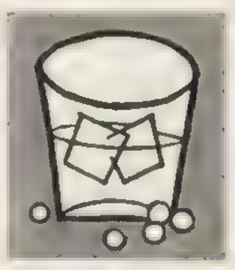
What's the difference between a pearl diver and a smart diner?



The pearl diver comes up with a pearl—sometimes. Smart diners can always end up with a pearl—a Cointreau On-the-Rocks Pearl. It's the new way to enjoy Cointreau Liqueur—the crowning touch to a perfect dinner.

The Cointreau Pearl:

Pour 2 ounces of Cointreau Liqueur over ice cubes in an old-fashioned glass. *Et voila!*



Watch Cointreau Liqueur change from crystal clearness to an elegant, delightfully appetizing pearly opalescence when you serve it the modern way...on the rocks. You may choose to add a squeeze of fresh lime for extra zest. The Cointreau Pearl is only one of the many popular, palate-pleasing drinks made with Cordials by Cointreau. For other fascinating food and drink recipes to help you entertain the modern way, write for your free copy of "Gourmet's Guide" to Dept. 129.

Cointreau Ltd.,
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Cordials by Cointreau,
50 to 80 Proof.

When you show your legs, show no mercy—says Cameo. In fact, be positively ruthless with legs that are slender, shapely, irresistible. Slip on a pair of Cameo Just Fabulous. That's the new 14 denier sheerer-than-average sheer. It's contour-shaped with fluted stretch top to fit like a part of you. It even has strategic all-around heel, toe and top runguards that actually stop runs. Thus ends the myth that a very light, sheer stocking can't be practical. Seamless. **Just Fabulous 1.50.**

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The reversible coat, above, leads a many-sided life.
Both sides are natural tan— wide-wale corduroy in one case, cotton poplin in the other: both are water-repellent.
It comes to just below the knee and
after the first snap of cold it goes everywhere from an open sports car to a football stadium to a chairlift.
By Brioni of Rome. About $125. Bonwit Teller;
Hudson's; Joseph Horne; Stix, Baer & Fuller.
Collarless jacket, below, in a warm tobacco brown.
The front is suède: the sleeves and back, knitted wool.
Under it, here, a heavy turtleneck sweater.
Jacket, by Brioni of Rome. About $90
at Bonwit Teller; Stix, Baer & Fuller.



ARTHUR TODD

DRAKE

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3. *Be brave* about your exercises—firm muscle tone means fine figures.
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[* *scheme*]



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BLACK AND WHITE

Controlling the willow line



Teaming up here, a brassière and girdle that leave almost no margin for error, exert maximum control. The white brassière has lace-covered cups that are reinforced on the under side as well as being underwired. The girdle has the persuasive qualities of an up-to-the-rib-cage waist, a controlling panel in front as well as five separate panels on the side to help pare off anything extra. It zips up the side. Together these would slip nicely under something lean, black, and skimmy or under a black tunic with precise, carved lines. Both by Gossard. Brassière of Lycra, nylon lace, and cotton, about $5. Girdle of acetate, Dacron, and Lycra, about $15. Both at Bloomingdale's; Woodward & Lothrop.



Taking a firm hold on the willow line: the charm of black lace that's well worth catching a glimpse of behind the deeply slit neck of a rangy, opaque white wool jumper. The brassière is black lace over beige nylon. Its authority is in the underwiring. The front band and sides are elasticized to keep the control where it belongs, move with you. The pantie-girdle is very long legged. Controlling the front, a lace-covered panel. A satin panel takes care of the back. Both by Perma-Lift. Brassière of Lycra and Du Pont nylon, about $5. Pantie girdle of Lycra, taffeta and marquisette (Du Pont nylon), about $11. Both at Bloomingdale's; Hudson's.

Lustertone® Ala Carte

by ELKAY



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"FIT-TOGETHERS"™

COOKING BY SCENT

BY FRANCINE DU PLESSIX GRAY

Most of my culinary attempts aim at recapturing the flavours and perfumes that I savoured as a child in pre-war France. I spent many weekends and summers in the Picardy country house of an aunt who not only kept a fine table but cultivated extensive vegetable and herb gardens. And my idea of good cooking is dominated not so much by texture or substance as by scent—by recollections of the perfume of a French country house.

To me, good cooking is connotated by memories of the generous handfuls of chervil and tarragon administered to salads; of the scent of fresh peas simmering with a bare tablespoonful of water and liberal amounts of thyme; of the fragrance of cider and *eau de vie de marc* maturing in the cellar, later to make the simplest stew mysteriously successful; of the aromatic white scum on raspberry jams cooking in pots taller than I was.

I dislike the sauce-smothered French *haute cuisine* as practised in too many restaurants in and out of France. But the *cuisine bourgeoise*, the family cooking of a well-run French household which thrives on perfume rather than richness, is my favourite form of cooking in the world. Here is a dinner which affects me like Proust's legendary *madeleine*.

PUMPKIN SOUP

Few things brought greater solace to my lonely childhood dinners than the acrid, pungent, totally unique flavour of *crème de potiron*, fresh pumpkin soup.

VEAL RAGOUT

Blanquette de veau was a popular course for Sunday family luncheon after church, and the smoothness or particular fragrance of the sauce would be discussed almost weekly by cousins and uncles. Serve with rice and watercress salad.

PEARS IN WINE

Refreshingly tart and red after the pale blandness of the veal, *poires des vignerons*, known to restaurant-goers as *poires aux vins*, gains extra flavour in this recipe from the addition of finely-minced apples.

PUMPKIN SOUP

FOR EIGHT PEOPLE

3 pounds pumpkin, peeled and diced
2 onions, sliced
Butter
1 quart water
1½ quarts chicken stock
¼ cup flour
1 quart milk
½ cup white wine
Salt, pepper, ginger, nutmeg

Sauté the pumpkin with the onions in ½ cup butter until lightly browned. Add water and chicken stock and cook until the pumpkin pieces are very tender. Mash through a fine sieve; or purée in a blender, 2 cupfuls at a time. In a large heavy saucepan melt ¼ cup butter; blend in the flour; gradually add the puréed pumpkin and the milk. Add ½ teaspoon each of salt, ground ginger, freshly-ground black pepper, and nutmeg. Stir in wine and simmer gently for 10 minutes before serving.

P.S. The pungency and perfume of pumpkins vary more within the species than that of any vegetable I know. Therefore the last seasonings should be added with progressive tastings, and adapted to individual taste. Every year, we scoop the pulp out of the children's Jack-o'-lantern pumpkin at Halloween. I get a large batch of soup, enough for two or three meals, from the Jack-o'-lantern and freeze it for later use.

VEAL RAGOUT

FOR EIGHT PEOPLE

4 pounds shoulder or breast of veal
2 carrots, halved
1 branch celery, with leaves
1 teaspoon salt
2 bay leaves
1 onion studded with 3 cloves



Bouquet garni: thyme, parsley, marjoram, rosemary (preferably fresh)
5 or 6 cups water
24 small onions
Butter
1 tablespoon sugar
1½ pounds sliced mushroom caps
4 tablespoons flour
2 egg yolks
1 cup light cream
Juice of 1 lemon

Cut veal into 2-inch cubes. Put the pieces into a deep enamel saucepan with carrots, celery, salt, bay leaves, clove-studded onion, and bouquet garni. Add cold water to cover. Bring to a boil and let it boil over moderate heat for 5 minutes, removing as much scum as possible from the surface. Turn the fire down and cook slowly until veal is fork-tender, approximately 1¾ hours.

Meanwhile gently sauté onions with 2 tablespoons butter in a covered frying-pan until tender, about 40 minutes, adding sugar to the onions when they are half done to give them a slight caramelized glaze. In another pan, sauté mushroom caps in 1 tablespoon butter.

When the veal is very tender, melt 3 tablespoons of butter in an earthenware serving casserole, add flour and cook, stirring, until the *roux* is bubbly and golden. Add 4 cups of the veal stock, which has been strained through a sieve lined with cheesecloth, and simmer, stirring frequently with a wire whisk, for 10 minutes. Add the veal pieces, the onions, and mushrooms to the sauce and simmer gently 10 minutes more. At serving time stir in egg yolks beaten with cream, and lemon juice. Heat to just below boiling, sprinkle with chopped parsley, and serve immediately.

P.S. Some recipes call for heavy cream instead of light, but in view of many of my friends' concern with cholesterol, and my general dislike for rich sauce, I prefer to use light cream. No recipe I have read in this country calls for any more than 1 tablespoon of lemon juice, but I recall the French *blanquette* sauce as being quite thin and distinctly lemony in fragrance.

PEARS IN WINE
FOR EIGHT PEOPLE

8 apples
1 tablespoon butter
Sugar
Cinnamon stick
2 cups dry red wine
Vanilla bean
Lemon rind
8 pears

Peel, core, and finely mince apples. Cook gently until very soft in a covered frying pan with butter, ¼ cup sugar, and a piece of cinnamon stick.

In a deep saucepan, bring to a boil wine, 1 cup sugar, a piece of cinnamon stick, 1 inch of vanilla bean, and a large paring of lemon rind. Peel pears and poach them gently in the wine syrup until they are tender. Discard the cinnamon from the apple mixture, put it into a serving bowl, and arrange pears on top, stem ends up. Boil the syrup until it is reduced to about half the original quantity, strain it and pour it over the pears. Chill until serving time.

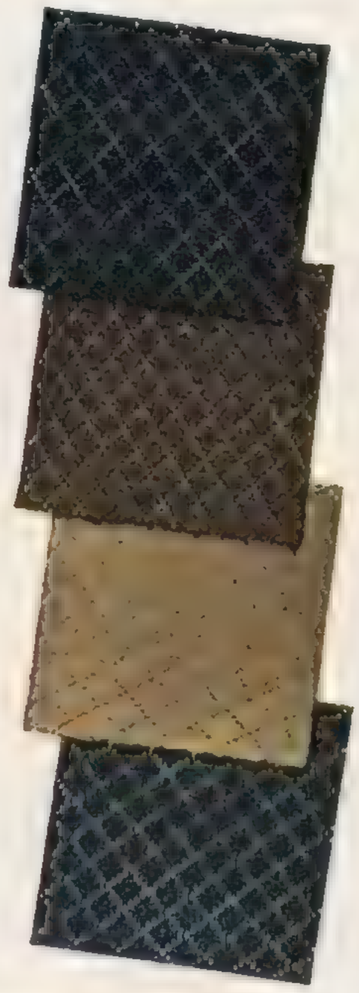
P.S. This can be one of the prettiest desserts I know, and the ruby-redness of it is best set off if you arrange it in a crystal bowl, preferably no more than 3 inches deep so that the pears show above the rim. With chilling, the thick syrup will solidify into a marvellous jewel-like glaze. The smoothness of the puréed apples and the grainier substance of the pear create what my husband calls "a ying-yang of texture." The lover of flambéed desserts can warm 3 ounces of cognac, pour it over the dessert, to light at the table.



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Germaine Monteil

SEPTEMBER 15, 1963

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW OF THE REASON WHY

We love this hat. Love the way it moves, like a proud toss of plumage around the eyes, around the face, striking unexpected nuances of seductiveness, opening up whole new areas of charm. It's willowed white ostrich...hasn't been with us for years. Now that it's here—looking new, full of fashion, madly becoming — why resist it? That's how we feel about all the ideas in these twenty pages. That's the Reason Why we chose them for this second Paris report. Jean Barthet hat. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

PENN





THE GREAT FASHION IDEAS THAT TIP VOGUE'S PARIS CHOICES

No mystery about *what* Vogue liked in Paris: our affections were visible through the September 1 Paris Report, show again—loud and clear—in these twenty-two pages. As to *why* we liked what we liked, chose what we chose, here are some of our reasons. . . . Starting at the top: we love the look of a young level gaze that a hat seems to give to its wearer when it's worn straight-on, pulled down to the eyebrows. Which is how almost every new Paris hat is meant to be worn—visored leather space-queen helmets, velours porkpies with gilt-chain bands, baskets of black or white mink. Exceptions: pillboxes, taller and fatter now and, for evening, enchantingly restless clouds of willowed ostrich, black or white. . . . Irresistibly, we are drawn to almost any neckline that makes a long, strong, slender throat: Carved necklines—see Venet's very plain blistered white crêpe, with its neck cut straight across the pulse of the throat. High, covered necklines—St. Laurent's turtleneck dress of black gaufré crêpe, tall and strict-looking in a narrow, satin-edged cardigan . . . his funnel neck, rising without a ripple from the body seams of a white damask pull. Collars standing up all over Paris . . . on Cardin's painter's-length black cloqué smock with the new deeply dropped armholes and narrow sleeves; on Laroche's three-fourths ermine evening coat; on the big easy topcoats that were seen for the first time in years this year. And what bliss it is to have them back; no coat was ever more comfortable to wear, more practical to jet around the whole world in. Everything about them is mouthwatering: their clear, light colours—orange, mushroom, almond green, and all nuances of jade green, pale to ripe; their clean-cut tailor shapes—rounded, put together in (Continued on page 199)

THE FINGERTIP TUNIC: WHITE EVERYWHERE

One of the roaring success tunics at St. Laurent, opposite. Deeply embossed white broché, narrow-sleeved, covered, with a charming retroussé curve from midriff to fingertip-hem; short straight skirt. Everything in perfect proportion, everything white—pearls, earrings, Maltese-crossed necklace, gloves, mink hat. For small dinner parties, the theatre, restaurants—a beautiful way to look. Dress of Staron fabric. At Hattie Carnegie; I. Magnin. The gloves, by Kislav.



WHITE
ALL THE WAY–
THE WRIST-LONG
PULL

Wanted—for its superb sense of proportion, the finesse of its cut—St. Laurent's pullover dress, left, in thickly puffed white damask. Arms rounded and covered; upholstered buttons down the back; funnel collar rising—in an unbroken line—from the seams of the wrist-long pull. And wanted as shown: white all the way—basket-of-mink hat, pearl earrings, matte-white kidskin gloves. The dress of Abraham silk-and-wool damask. In America at Marshall Field; Neiman-Marcus; Frederick & Nelson; I. Magnin; and Holt Renfrew of Canada. Cardin's knee-long art smock for evening, right—very rive droit, and thoroughly adorable with its alert little standing collar, sleeves mounted on dropped shoulders, and the tiniest muffin of beret in black velvet. Of blistered black cloqué, skirt of same; worn with a volts-of-brilliance pin, white kidskin gloves. Fabric by Abraham. Kislav gloves on both pages.

THE TUNIC-SMOCK–PAINTER'S LENGTH

PENN

THE RETURN OF DÉCOLLETAGE, THE COMEBACK OF BLACK CHANTILLY LACE

Dior we adore—evenings especially. Over this house an almost visible banner seems to float: n'oubliez pas la femme! Bohan never, never forgets. This season, to everyone's delight, he revived that most femme of laces—filmy, black-blooming Chantilly lace, its flowers picked out in silk cordonnet. Long dresses, short dresses; two-piece always, tremulous with deep, moving ruffles, full of coquetry. And how he showed it . . . mannequins like Botticellis—small, full bosoms held high, half-revealed by the deepest décolletages in Paris; their midriffs attenuated by contrast, and supple as willow wands above the slenderest waists. A completely charming look: round and young and—seen in profile—an impression of the most delicious new length to the neck, to the back. . . . At right, in black Chantilly lace, the new Dior décolletage framed in ruffles, with a blowy little basque below a glittered satin sash. The skirt here is day-length, a touch shorter than the slip beneath; straight—but not too straight to stir up ripples of excitement wherever it goes (which might be any devastating little dinner in San Francisco, say, where the feeling for French fashion is booming just now): it will boom officially at a week-long Festival of France beginning October 18—two fashion shows, a *pétanque* tournament, a Poulenc opera, a bicycle race, and a *vague* of French movies are among the lures à la Françaises. Dress, of silk and cotton lace (fabric, by Marescot). Original, in America at I. Magnin.



PENN





Crêpe, tied over skin, left, a a look from Cardin that's spectacular, and here's why—white silk top, the back simply two bias triangles, knotted like St. Tropez shirttails in reverse over bareness. Worn with a long black velvet skirt. High front, long sleeves. Crêpe by Burg. Coiffure by Carita. Coup of bias-work, right, by Grès—because this piecing-together of bias angles is sinuous, stark, ravishingly Moroccan. An at-home look of natural-coloured wool, all fluid line controlled by the movement of arms. Fabric by Ducharne. Coiffure: Alexandre.

PENN



THE BIAS CUTS–
CARDIN'S TIED
TRIANGLES;
ARAB DÉSHABILLÉ
FROM GRÈS

CLOUDS OF
WILLOWED
OSTRICH;
WHITE SATIN,
BLAZES
OF GREEN



than white at night—from Venet. Blazing at the throat: a chain-mail border of emerald brilliants—green is the jewel for white. Silk by Abraham. Wig of bacchante curls, by Alexandre. Gloves by Kislav.



ST. LAURENT'S
EVENING CARDIGANS—
STRICT, BLACK
COVERED

From St. Laurent's victorious collection—two versions of his smashing new answer to what every woman wants for late day now: strict, simple, beautiful, black. Long, straight cardigan jackets, with long narrow sleeves, precise défilés of buttons, and buttonholes. Straight skirts. Covered throats. Magnificent fabrics. Long cardigan of black gaufré crêpe, left, with shirt-cuff sleeves, black satin banding, jet buttons; high turtleneck dress of the same crêpe. Abraham fabric. In America at I. Magnin. Immense mock-pearl drop on a gilt chain; another gilt chain circling the black velours porkpie. Renaissance page's wig by Alexandre. Right, the theatre costume that—in a quiet, effortless stroll—walked away with the St. Laurent show. A long, soft cardigan and straight skirt of black satin crêpe; a puffy cloqué crêpe overblouse; a silk scarf flipped over, high at the throat. Of Abraham crêpe. In America at I. Magnin. Hair, slicked back, by Alexandre, to a *catogan*—a longish horizontal chignon at the nape—stuck with tortoiseshell pins. Gloves, both pages, by Kislav.



WHITE ERMINE
OVER BLACK;
WHITE FLOUNCING
UNDER
BLACK BROADTAIL

Quoit-collared ermine, left, a neckline that's *raison d'etre* for the dazzle of a three-fourths jacket of ermine over black wool crêpe with satin bow. More bows crowd the hat. All, from Laroche. Fabric by Gerondeau. In America at I. Magnin. Black seed-pearl bracelet, earrings, by Roger Jean Pierre. White blistered crêpe, right, from Venet—a narrow seamed shape with one of the marvellous young Becauses going here: a flounce, subtly shirred around back and sides. To go with this: a double-breasted coat of broadtail lamb, a pearl-dropped pillbox. Crêpe by Chatillon Mouly Roussel. Coiffures, both pages by Alexandre.

Because nothing can ever take its place, St. Laurent brought back, with a flourish, the big, easy topcoat—the great comfortable coat that is, among other things, a traveller's joy, a boon for cars, planes, boats (you can wrap it *around* you). It's done in melting pale colours, put together in carved sections, rounded, seamed, generally worn with an important fur hat. The giant mushroom coat, left, full-length, with dropped shoulders, curved seaming across the back, down the sides; in pale mushroom-brown nubby wool jersey (Racine fabric). In America at Macy's, New York; I. Magnin. The greatcoat in un-bitter almond, right—great new coat, in one of the great new greens that filtered through the collections: pale almond. Two divided seams curve across the back; the collar is high, standup. Of Garigue wool. In America at Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Kislav gloves of pale-brown leather. Hat, shown on both pages: a deep mink cloche.



THE RETURN
OF THE
BIG, EASY
TOPCOAT–
IN PALE
MUSHROOM,
ALMOND-GREEN

PENN

CHANEL TAILORING: THE YOUNGEST SUITS IN PARIS— WORN HERE BY ANOUK AIMÉE





Easy, correct—and sexy; that's the look Chanel clothes live on, and it's never been better than it is right now. Coco Chanel, sitting among her Coromandel screens, fresh lilies, and French roses, showed a collection that was gay and contemporary, based—as Chanel has always been based—on intensifying the vividly personal vibrations of the woman who lives in her offhand tweed suits, her underplayed late-day clothes, which are, for many, the chosen uniform of the twentieth century. A great tailor, a colourist nonpareil, she cleaves unflaggingly to narrow eighteenth-century sleeves—straight on the outside, curved to the elbow inside; to the characteristic cardigans; tactile tweeds with an interplay of colours no other couturier successfully mimics; and this year there is a new variety of mobile skirt and jacket shapes, a new depth of luxe. Anouk Aimée, one of the enamouring young French actresses who wear Chanel clothes on-screen and off, shared the wave of excitement and delight that swept the mirrored beige salon in the Rue Cambon when the new clothes were first shown, and she wears, here and on the next four pages, Vogue's suit choices from this collection.

ANOUK AIMÉE IN THE NEW CHANEL MANNER

One of the high-romance suits from Chanel—tropic-pink tweed with a centimetre of the black silk lining rimming edges that show a wavy line of black wool, the selvage of the fabric. Horizontal seaming fixes lining and tweed firmly, forever. The cloche-skirt wraps and buttons almost to the hem. On the jacket, a trig little collar faced in black; beneath it, Chanel's fascinating new sweater of ropy silk yarn. Imported by Bonwit Teller and Neiman-Marcus, where copies can be found. Copies also at I. Magnin.

PENN

WALKING PLEATS; CHANEL'S BLAZER

Black-and-white tweed geometrics in a new Chanel suit to have for just that reason and the walkaway charm of six deep pleats released below the hip; tucked shirt of black silk twill. To wear with flirty sling-strap shoes. Imported by Bonwit Teller where copies can be found. Copies also, Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Anouk Aimée, far right, in the coif and spectacles she wears in the Italian movie-smash, "8½." And Chanel's alluring-bluestocking suit—skirt and blazer of black chevron worsted with four flapped pockets, a white tucked lawn shirt, a flip black cravat, gilt buttons and cuff links. The point: to wear the strictest suit looking madly female. This, imported by Saks Fifth Avenue, which is where to find the copies. The original is at Neiman-Marcus.

PENN





CHANEL'S BLAZER; POCKETED TWEEDS

In action here, another version, left, of Chanel's new blazer or smoking-jacket suit. Navy-blue jersey this time around, with military flapped pockets, gilt buttons, and a strict little shirt of tucked white lawn—no sleeves, but shirt-cuffs are shot from the sleeves of the blazer. Imported and copied by Seymour Fox for Saks Fifth Avenue; copies also at Neiman-Marcus. Tweeds put together, right, with all the engaging subtlety that means Chanel—pink and green flecked with black, worn with a tucked shirt of thin apple-green silk. News in the perfectly tailored roll of collar, the patch pockets on the skirt, the rows of fine vertical stitches that fix lining and tweed in a magnificent holding operation. Imported and copied by Jablow for Saks Fifth Avenue. The original is at Neiman-Marcus.



BERT STERN



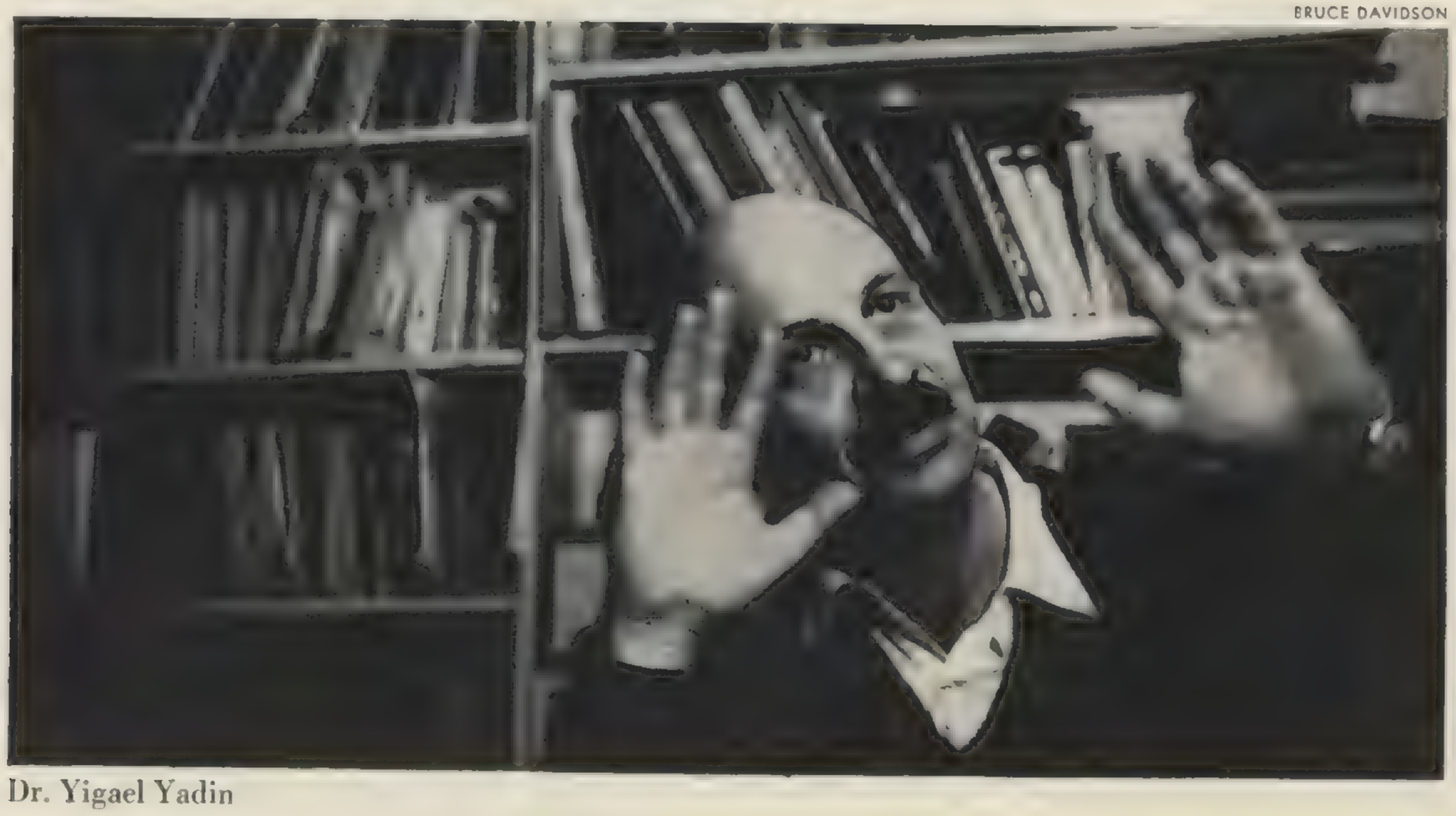
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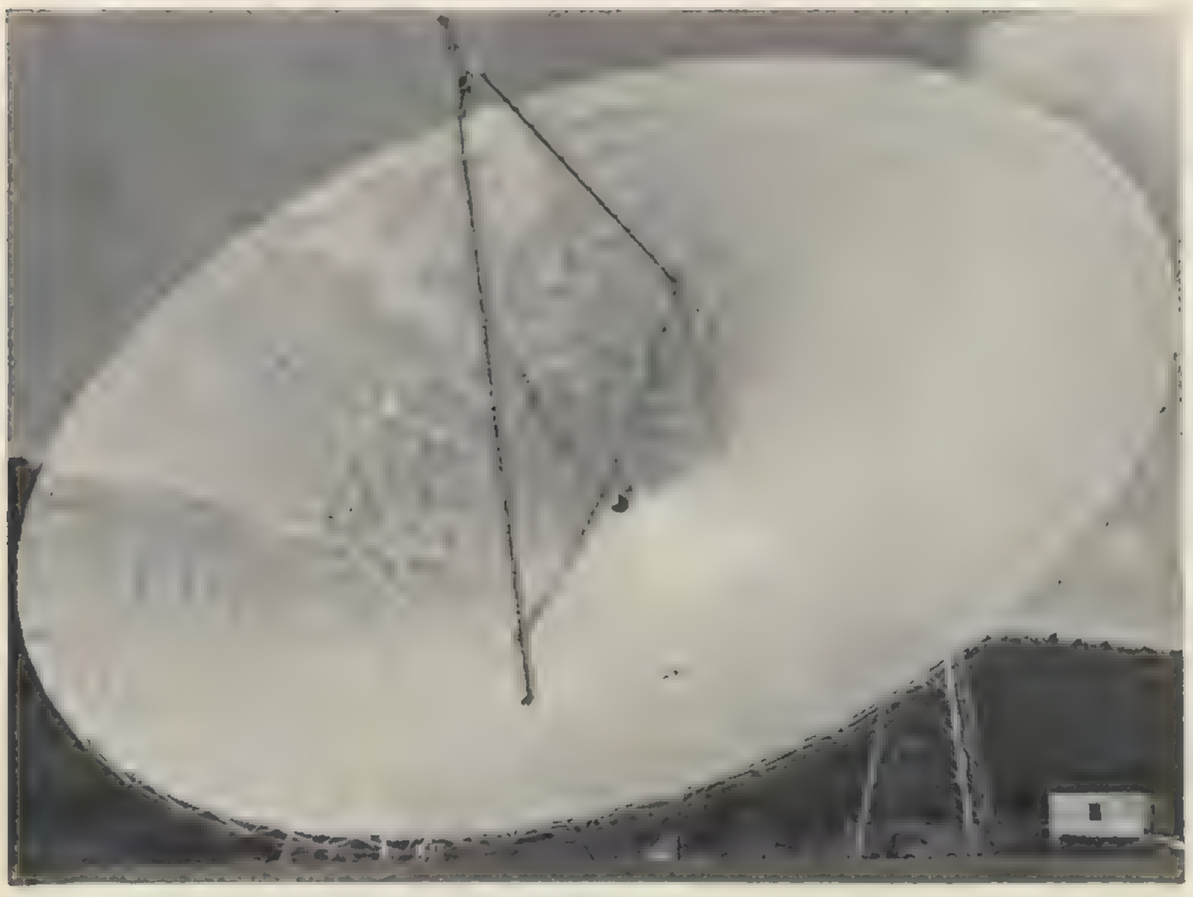
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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

ELLIOTT ERWITT



Richard Lippold



The World's Largest Radio Telescope

NICHOLAS LUARD (far left), one of London's bright boys from Oxbridge, a twenty-five-year-old entrepreneur with a deceptively babe-in-arms manner and one of those arrogantly vacant desks that imply a cool and proper conception of the space required to move money about. Most successful of his publishing ventures is the raffish, brass-knuckles magazine *Private Eye*, which stops at nothing—including the fact that it is produced in a scruffy Greek Street warren above a nonstop "stripperama." To the rage of many, its circulation has been creeping up on *Punch*, that British bastion of satire no longer barbed. (The House of Commons Library has been known to protest if its subscription is late—apparently eager to count the wounded.) . . . Among other Luard ventures: The Establishment, a sassy London night place where only Kenneth Tynan is allowed in without a tie.

ALAIN DELON (centre left), a young French movie star who may or may not have ever entertained an idea but in any case has never allowed one to mar his improbably pretty face, now on view in *The Leopard*. In *The Leopard*, Delon stages a gallant but losing battle to hold his own against Burt Lancaster's moustache, Claudia Cardinale's pout, and the individual style of direction practised by Luchino Visconti, the subtlety of whose skills may be drowned out by dunderhead dubbing.

DR. YIGAEL YADIN (far left, below), an Israeli Major General, who is one of the great authorities on the Dead Sea Scrolls, went last summer to the Dead Sea where he found more of the Scrolls, explained them in his new book, published now in Hebrew and later to be done in English in this country. (Chief of Staff of the Israeli Army during the Israeli-Arab war of 1948, he developed then a strategy of desert warfare based primarily on his study of Old Testament campaigns.) Among the most fascinating of the scrolls that this lean-faced, dark-eyed archaeologist brought back to Jerusalem, from a cave that whirred with the stirrings of thousands of bats, is a beige dried document in Aramaic that told the life story of Babata, who lived about 120 A.D., had two husbands, and knew the Palestinian courts of the Romans.

RICHARD LIPPOLD (near left, above), the sculptor whose beautiful, oddly emotional suspensions of wire and metal seem suddenly to be shimmering all over New York—in the Pan American Building lobby, in Philharmonic Hall at Lincoln Center, in the J. Walter Thompson reception room, in both The Museum of Modern Art and the Metropolitan, even above the bar at the Four Seasons. Armed with pliers, wire clippers, and glue, Lippold sometimes takes months to hang one of his sculptures—working, imperturbably, among plasterers, floorers, painters, entranced spectators. When one heckler on the Pan American job, a flow of wire called "Flight," observed that "the thing doesn't look very *perm*anent to me," Lippold muttered back: "Just how permanent are you?"

THE WORLD'S LARGEST RADIO TELESCOPE (near left), probing the space beyond space, an extra-galactic ear in Green Bank, West Virginia. This telescope listens for, among other things, signals that may have been sent to us by other people in other galaxies in other ages.





The conflict within the greatest British genius of this century

WINSTON CHURCHILL

THE YANKEE MARLBOROUGH

EDITOR'S NOTE: R. W. Thompson, who has written more than a dozen books on British history, especially wartime history, is the author of the new Doubleday book, *Winston Churchill: The Yankee Marlborough*, to be published next month. During the writing of this book, from which these excerpts come, Thompson told a friend that "this is a personal search for one of the greatest and most enigmatic personalities of our time." In that search he frequently criticized Winston Churchill, frequently wrote extravagant praise, and eventually turned in a book balanced on the tightrope of controversy.

Churchill was a Yankee and a Marlborough, a child of two worlds, the old world of Britain and Europe; the new world of the United States of America. It was a dual heritage of immense significance. It combined in him the possibilities of two kinds of power. It accounts for his tremendous impact upon his times, for it became his single vision to unite the old and the new, not merely as allies, but in indissoluble union, and thus in a sense to unite himself.

A lesser man, had he been capable of such a vision, would have dismissed it as impossible, even absurd, and concentrated upon a single heritage. A man of greater emotional stability, or of greater intellectual depth, would have made a choice. Churchill was the victim, not only of his birth and breeding, but of his total egocentricity. He came to regard himself as above competition with ordinary men, and destined for power. It is as important to understand this as to know that Henry VIII—whom he resembles—was a King. . . .

Until he was seven years old and sent to the first of the dismal schools he loathed, the nursery was his world. He would not compete with his fellows, as a child, boy, or man. He could not tolerate an equal in his own camp, nor would he suffer willingly at close quarters, in private argument or discussion, a mind capable of challenging his personal pre-eminence. If forced to do so, (Continued on next page)

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BY R. W. THOMPSON

SKETCHES BY FELIKS TOPOLSKI

he would slump back in his chair, his lower lip pouting, like a baby.

Churchill lived from infancy in the centre of a stage of his own creation, and as Harry Hopkins said of him in the climactic days of his life, "Wherever he was, was the vortex." He regarded himself as a gentleman, a soldier, a general, and commander-in-chief by right. His self-confidence, a friend wrote of him, was of an order beyond the understanding of ordinary men, and the common denominator of those seeking and wielding great power. . . .

He was, above all, the boy who never grew up, the leading character in a romance in the manner of Dumas, which he wrote, produced, and acted himself. He perceived swiftly the nature of the world in which he wished to live, the kind of part he was resolved to act. His performance over a period of fifty years in the limelight was one of a sustained virtuosity and zest, probably unique in history.

Churchill wounded many people deeply, often as a child wounds, without malice or thought. He was the slave of his personal likes and dislikes, and would not include among his close advisers and associates any man to whom he was antipathetic, however eminent, however clearly the finest mind available in any particular field. His companions, for the most part, were those of ambitions akin to his own and prepared to hitch their wagons to his star. . . .

The least discerning of his teachers shared the views of most members of his family that he was a backward and difficult boy. Others, including his maternal grandfather, Leonard Jerome, had greater but undefined hopes for him. Jerome regretted that his grandson was not "all American," and wondered whether it might be possible for any man to reconcile the conflict inherent in his blood and to serve two such masters as Great Britain and the United States of America. Reviewing his own turbulent and adventurous life as he lay dying in his darkened rooms at Brighton in the cold and gusty March of 1891, Leonard Jerome doubted it. Yet the boy awoke echoes of hope within him. A racing friend had shocked Clara Jerome by remarking of the marriage of her daughter Jennie to Lord Randolph Churchill:

"Interesting breeding, stamina goes through the dam, and pace through the sire."

Jennie Jerome had enough stamina and pace for two. Her tremendous vitality allied to Randolph Churchill's high-pitched, nervous nature, with its tendency to burn itself out in flashes of brilliance, was clearly "interesting," and might establish the ingredients of a tremendous personality.

Churchill at fifteen, a red-headed, freckled boy, standing at his dying grandfather's bedside, stirred Leonard Jerome's last hopes. He had realized that the boy was not merely indulging the normal child's play with his growing armies of soldiers, and that out of it a historical sense was growing. Even Lord Randolph, on his infrequent visits to the nursery, had been impressed by his son's masterly handling of his troops and grasp of tactics.

For better or for worse, Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill carried the last hopes of his grandfather and the ambitions of his mother. The dislike of the English side of the family left them unperturbed. The Dowager Duchess of Marlborough exhorting Consuelo Vanderbilt, the American bride of the ninth Duke, to have a son, would save Winston from the threatened obscurity of a dukedom.

"Your first duty is to have a child," the old Duchess had warned Consuelo. "And it must be a son, because it would be intolerable to have that little upstart Winston become a duke." . . .

Wilful and arrogant, rarely amenable to mental or physical discipline imposed by others, he had taken what he wanted from life, rejecting many of those things the wisdom of his elders attempted to dictate. His education had been a steady growth from the nursery, through youth and slow maturity into middle age, and beyond; at last, complete. Every man's life is the product of its parts, and not one small piece may be added or subtracted, for these are the man. Churchill always thought he knew best what was best for him, and what he needed. Probably he was right. Idle as it may be to speculate, it is at least possible that the mental disciplines of the classical languages might have inhibited and restricted his flair for rhetorical English prose, the free flow of his vivid and romantic thoughts, his brilliant gift for the spoken word, his most potent weapon. He loved words, and was tone deaf to all other forms of music.

Similarly, had he disciplined his mind to grasp the fundamentals of mathematics, many of his magnificent ideas, the possible and the impossible, might have been stifled by his awareness of the "logistics" involved. . . .

Churchill is justified as much by the magnitude of his illusions as by the greatness of his acts, for his acts arose often out of his illusions. That he was a consummate actor there can not be a shadow of doubt, and he cultivated his ability assiduously to a pitch of superb artistry and timing. "Had his life been conducive to one on the boards of a theatre (not the opera; he did not know one note from another)," wrote an intimate friend, "he could easily have been as great an actor as ever walked the stage." . . .

In a character of remarkable complexity, certain characteristics remained constant. He did not wonder, even as a child, or boy, or man, how he could fit into any environment, whether people would like him. He looked out upon a great variety of people, places, and things, and saw them all in relation to himself, not himself in relation to them. How would they "fit in" with him? He would have been the last man in the world to whom to address those infuriating words: how is the world using you? He used the world. His manners were abominable, especially to servants, and all those he considered beneath him he treated like flunkeys.

No man ever owed more to woman; to his nurse; to his mother, whom he adored, and who with unflagging energy and ruthless am-

Continued

WINSTON CHURCHILL



bition launched him upon the world and his career; to his wife, the loyal, loving, tireless companion of his life. There is a cruel feminine streak in his nature, so infuriating to some that an exasperated general exploded: "If he were a woman I could put up with him. If he were an Elizabeth I or Cleopatra. But Gloriana with a cigar I can not stomach." Few, in fact, could stomach him at the height of his power, and one of those closest to him wrote: "It was most interesting to see the totally different man—almost a schizophrenic trick—when in power and when out of power. His completely ruthless use of power horrified me. He was the most egocentric man I have ever known." . . .

A remark of Asquith's seems especially relevant: "Our two rhetoricians, Lloyd George and Winston, as it happens, have good brains of different types. But they can only think talking; just as some people can only think writing. Only the salt of the earth can think inside, and the bulk of mankind can not think at all."

Thus it is those above all who think talking who too often make indelible marks upon their times in their lifetimes. Those who think writing have a delayed impact. Those who think make their marks often upon a distant future.

Yet the word "genius," in the definition of General Fuller in his *Alexander*, seems to fit Churchill: "Genius is a baffling word. It is neither high talent, nor outstanding intelligence, nor is it the products of learning, or of discipline or training. It is, so it would seem, a creative gift intuitive and spontaneous in its manifestations, that endows its possessor with a god-like power to achieve ends which reason can seldom fathom. It is neither capable of analysis, nor explicable, it is solely demonstrative. . . ."

In 1897 he grasped an opportunity to take three months' privilege leave in England although he had served so short a term. Already he knew in his heart, if not very clearly in his mind, that he had no intention of pursuing a military career. He needed, and demanded from life, a special kind of freedom and privilege in which to develop. He expected and demanded help on every hand, and pursued his aims with a nagging persistence that would not be denied. The last three years of the nineteenth century were the most important in his early life. In them he found his metier; the framework within which he would pursue his dream in the shadow of Marlborough. The Monarchy would be the mystic symbol of his God; Parliament his authority, and his temple. Thenceforth he would be the architect of great things.

One of those few who served him intimately and loyally for thirty years expressed something of this to me: "I suppose that self-analysis must always have been impossible to Winston. How could it be? When all his acts were dreams and the dreams seemed to come true? Were they not *his* dreams?"

And again: "When he was out of power in the thirties, he was exactly like a child whose toy is broken. He ran to anyone for comfort, thus inspiring the same pity (akin to affection) as would the child with its broken toy. If the passer-by happened to help mend his toy, or, better still, give him a new one, he ran off happily to play with it, with no sense or need for gratitude to the kindly stranger."

And the strangers were kindly; almost always. The same writer exclaims: "Winston, the brilliant, great imaginative, ever-dreaming child, whom no one ever taught to control his imagination, or to be disciplined or to think of others! But, and here is the great question! Why did not they? Why did not those who said in his boyhood and youth how horrid he was, why did they apparently do nothing about it? *There* is a question which simply *must* be answered."

It seems to me to pose the problem of power, and I can not fit Winston Churchill into the "Round Table." He is neither an Arthur, a Lancelot, a Galahad, or a Merlin, but a kind of potent Puck, a mixture of a michievous sprite and an emperor without any clothes, and much else besides. Perhaps the answer lies with the strange docility of the human species, and the awful fear of liberty and freedom which holds western man in chains, and disposes him to cling to dreams rather than face reality. . . .

Churchill was hustled out of the Admiralty with the jeers of the Tories and the boos of the multitude in his ears, but with his head held high. He had retained his seat on the War Council, for "it was on this condition alone that I had found it possible to occupy a sinecure office." He was resolved to do all in his power to urge forward the whole Dardanelles-Galli- (Continued on page 197)

THE NEW ART OF THE POSSIBLE– RAVEN-BLACK HAIR

They wore "cloth rubbed with juice from the leaves of a shrub called *jama-ai*, related to the indigo plant but giving a brighter blue than the usual variety." For the emperor's first state visit to his new heir, the court ladies wore robes and long trains of grape colour, blue green, dull red, and chrysanthemum. At a state dinner, the empress "dressed as usual in red, with several inner kimonos of purple, red, pale and dark green, and two shades of yellow," and it was noted by Lady Murasaki that when a certain lady went before the imperial presence, there was a fault in the colour combination at the wrist—not serious, but one colour was "a little too pale." That was the Heian period, 785–1185, the dyer's heyday—and the effectiveness of that high art was predicated on flowing black hair, often trailing beyond the pleated train of a woman's costume. . . . Black hair still has the same power to evoke idea. Ravishing, arresting, it magnetizes other colours, but its rarity (look around you) in 1963 has been accountable not to contemporary taste, but rather to technical limitations. Easy black colouring for hair hasn't been quite good enough, women have felt—and for the woman whose once-black hair has gone grey there has not been until this moment a workable natural black without shortcomings. The breakthrough now is in Clairol's Loving Care series, with the addition of a new rinse called Natural Black which applies like a shampoo and lasts about a month. Ready only at beauty salons at present, it could, in time, start a new era of ravishing dark brunetterie effecting the design a woman makes of herself. In the design photographed at right, everything counts: the great loopings of hair



dressed by Kenneth; the tiara, a gilt tree quivering fake pearls, by Miriam Haskell at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Sakowitz. Funnel-collared dress by Mademoiselle Ricci.

Above, a Japanese court lady of the Heian period crouches beneath her torrent of inky hair. Lady Murasaki, whose *Tale of Genji* tells us all about the life of such women (it was devoted to matching poems, blending perfumes and, above all, to playing elaborately at love), suggests the erotic effect of such hair. Sometimes six feet long, it was a woman's chief weapon of seduction. She had, however, others. Nowhere else has the feminine genius in literature bloomed as in the hermetic atmosphere of the Heian courts—pouring forth in diaries, novels, poems that are at the highest level of worldliness. Here is Sei Shonagon, a contemporary of (and sharply disliked by) Murasaki: "I like to think of a bachelor . . . returning home from some amorous excursion. He looks a trifle sleepy; but, as soon as he is home, draws his writing case toward him, carefully grinds himself some ink and begins to write his next-morning letter—not simply dashing off whatever comes into his head, but spreading himself to the task and taking trouble to write the characters beautifully." (Notes on the Heian period, from *Japanese Costume and the Makers of Its Elegant Tradition*, by Helen Benton Minnich, published in October by Charles E. Tuttle. Illustration above, from this same source.)

HELMUT NEWTON







Pale looks we love

Lightening is striking now. Clothes that are pale, lightened, whitened, are suddenly the freshest, striking-est things in town or in the country, with these fashion advantages: pale looks are flattering, softening to faces, young, spirited, and marvellous to wear year-round, world-round. We love them as news with other pale colour attachments—a white hat and dress with a chalk-blue coat, as shown opposite. White wool dresses—this idea is still snowballing—with shirt collars or turtlenecks that near ears, making dazzling second-necklines in tailored coats the colours of stone and earth. A little chopped overcoat in gruyère twill worn with dark colours—a black skirt, hat of furry forest green. Suits and dresses in white or the wonderful off-whites that wools come in—oyster, bisque, biscuit, beige, under marvellous furs that seem to acquire new highlights from this tie-in with paleness. (And, on the subject of furs, they were never bigger fashion than they are now.) To notice on these next pale-look pages: the way carefully tailored and welted seams show as sharply—and effectively—as sled-tracks in snow. The way a flicker of black lingerie adds a devastating touch to the deep shirt collar of a white wool dress. The way hats, pale or not, shape closely to the head, often worn over wrapped turbans; helmets with little brims, little visors, little boys' ear-flaps; porkpie hats with close brims that turn up at the back, down at the front. The good look of heavy bracelets with longer sleeves. All, part of the pale looks we love that are taking over now. By storm.

Pale blue with white

A coat, opposite, In the French Style—as they say in the movies—with slightly puffed bands cuffing the sleeves and hem. White lights here: a felt hat with ear-flaps, chin-strap; high pearls pinned with a medallion of diamonds; kidskin gloves. Coat by Dan Millstein, of wool Melton, in robin's egg blue; about $110. Gloves by Crescendoe-Superb. Both at Bonwit Teller. Coat, also at Joseph Horne; Hudson's; Dayton's. Halston hat, made to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Necklaces and pin by David Webb. Bamboo chairs, here and on the following pages, from Roslyn Rosier. Lipstick: Rosé, palest of a new colour-quartet by Germaine Monteil.



Looks we love—
—pale and beyond

What strikes the eye first here—the whitened paleness of great dress and hat shapes; beyond the paleness, superbly cut coats in earthy colours. Stone-grey coat, opposite, of hard cavalry twill with tailored manners, raglan sleeves, nothing hard about its look. Pale dress: cream-coloured, overbloused; whitened helmet. All by Gustave Tassell; coat of Orceyre wool, dress of Lafitte silk-and-wool. Vendôme pin. All at Bergdorf Goodman. Costume and hat: Rich's; Harold's; I. Magnin. Kislav gloves. Lipstick: Peach Blush, by Imperial Formula. Good earth, this page, the greenish-brown of a polo coat of wide-wale cotton corduroy. Paled dress, light wool. Costume by Adele Simpson; dress of Bellaine fabric. At Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Julius Garfinckel; Rich's; L.S. Ayres. Tiffany bracelets. Emme hat. Belle-Sharmeer stockings at Lord & Taylor. Chillies by Evins, of Leather's Best calfskin: I. Miller, N.Y. Lipstick: Rose Rose, by Lancôme.

HELMUT NEWTON

Whited tweed, the shirty raincoat

Coats (one for rain), and great things to go with them—tweed that takes to whiteness, poplin with sleeve-news worn over a sweatery, booty look. Wheat and white, left, for a tweed coat with welt-seamed lifted waist, buttoned in gnarled wood knobs. Marvellous this way—one button working, collar thrown back. Constable hat of white felt. Coat by Lilli Ann; wool tweed by Forstmann, loomed in America; about $90 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Frederick & Nelson. Gloves by Crescendoe-Superb. Hat: Irene of New York. Evins shoes. Lacy stockings: Beautiful Bryans. The lipstick is Heavenly Coral, by Jaquet. Shirt-cuff raincoat, right, with degagé shaping, these excitements: fedora and knitted gloves in crayon yellows; ear-high cashmere sweater and textured stockings in blue; real hunting boots. Coat by David Crystal, in beige poplin of Dacron and cotton (Galey & Lord fabric) with Zelan water-repellent finish. About $50 at Best & Co.; Montaldo's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Bonnie Doon stockings. Gloves by Grandoe, of Creslan and capeskin. Both, at Best & Co. Cashmere sweater by Braemar, forward fedora by Utica Duxbak, and boots, all at Abercrombie & Fitch. The lipstick: London Mist, by Tourneur.


HELMUT NEWTON



Pale shapings—shirty shift, the 7/8 topcoat

More great cuts of paleness—and the fact is that in pale fabrics, cuts matter more because they show more (a lot of seams can get lost in darker colours). Mostly-pale suit, left, a putty-coloured topcoat with raglan sleeves, a straight black skirt, silk blouse. By Seymour Fox; wool whipcord by Anglo. Crescendoe-Superb gloves. All: Lord & Taylor. Suit: Julius Garfinckel; Dayton's; I. Maguin. I. Miller shoes of lizard by Fleming-Joffe. Berkshire stockings. Emme hat. Lipstick: Saucy Sauterne, by Michel.

Carved ivory, right, a creamy wool jersey dress cut to hang well, move well. Two-piece; the open collar shows, here, stacks of pale pearls. Dress by Larry Aldrich, of Merino wool jersey by Racine; about $145. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Woodward & Lothrop; Halle Bros.; Neiman-Marcus. Gloves by Aris. Emme hat. David Webb necklace. Shoes by De Liso Debs. Lipstick: Kumquat Coral, by Jacqueline Cochran.

HELMUT NEWTON

Paling to white and near-white, clothes to flash news under furs—and the idea of fur, in fresh flattering forms, is one of the greatest things anyone can have now. Two views, here, of the same look—a suit of oyster-white wool with cardigan top, yoke and fullness at back (part of this yoke: sleeves). The fur, a jacket of American lynx with a lot of pale-to-deep flattery shadings. Jacket by Coopchik Forrest; at Hattie Carnegie. Suit, with a bottle-green sleeveless sweater, by California Girl, in junior sizes; of Strong, Hewat wool, loomed in America. About $50 at Lord & Taylor; Wm. H. Block, Neiman-Marcus; Joseph Magnin. Bowl hat by Lilly Daché. Wool jersey head-wrap, by Doro.

PALE LOOKS WE LOVE— FUR WITH EVERYTHING



HELMUT NEWTON



HELMUT NEWTON



PALE LOOKS: TAWNY FUR

Prime pales—white, oyster, beige—here with furs in colours of tawn and fawn: coats of guanaco, of kit fox. *Opposite:* Seven-eighths coat of natural South American guanaco, a wonderful fling of flattering excitement over a paling suit of beige herringbones that keeps near the figure, has double buttons, a little shirt collar, a lot of welt seams. Fur coat: Revillon, at Saks Fifth Avenue. The suit, of worsted, with its own silk broadcloth shirt, by Barberini; $125. Marvella earrings. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Hat with forward snap, by Sally Victor. *Directly above:* Coat, chopped to three-quarter length, of Mongolian kit fox—more tawny shades of flattery. The pale suit, cut-corduroy in oyster-white (the cords, horizontal) with spread-out collar, low-set shoulders, news in the stitched band at jacket hem that holds fullness at back. Suit by B. H. Wragge, of cotton corduroy by Crompton; about $125 at Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's; I. Magnin. Coat by Reiss & Fabrizio. Pappagallo shoes. Sally Victor hat. *Upper left:* The white-wool-dress idea, growing great wherever fashion is spoken now—this, with dartwork at the neck, puffed sleeves, detachable scarf. By Nantucket Naturals, in soufflé wool by Hockanum; about $50 at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Frost Bros. Shoes by Evins. Both pages: gloves by Wear-Right; Bergdorf Goodman.



PALE LOOKS—WHITE WITH DARK FUR

White dresses, the new luminaries under fur falls of darkness—hair seal, mink, stripy skunk. *Above:* White nubby wool dress with extended waist, rounded skirt, and a puffed band of closely tufted carpet-like fringe at the hem (bands at hems are striking up now). The dark fur here: a full-length coat of black-dyed hair seal. Dress by Lanz, in junior sizes; about $50 at Bonwit Teller; Hudson's; Frost Bros. Coat by Max Bogen. Gloves by Fuchs. Saks Fifth Avenue shoes. *Opposite:* White dress with field-jacket top sporting a welt-seamed yoke and a zipper, meant to show, striping up the front. More stripes: the black and white skunk coat lined in black and white checked wool. Dress by Eloise Curtis for David Styne, in junior sizes; of Einiger wool fleece; about $70. Gloves by Fownes. Both at Henri Bendel. Dress, also at Famous-Barr; Sakowitz. Coat by Coopchik Forrest; at Hattie Carnegie. Earrings by Trifari. Sally Victor hat. *Lower left:* White mohair dress with deep-slashed bias top, cap sleeves, brilliant now under dark mink. Dress by Andrea A; $50 at Saks Fifth Avenue. Hats, this page, by Miss Carnegie.



HELMUT NEWTON



PALE LOOKS FOR FUR WEATHER

Opposite: Black-dyed mink coat, leather buttoned, over a beige knitted wool shift. Coat by Christian Dior Furs-NewYork. Dress by Kimberly; about $55. Trifari earrings. Dress and earrings at Bonwit Teller. Dress at Rich's; Burdine's; I. Magnin. Kislav gloves. Lilly Daché hat. *Right:* Camel-coloured coat, welted edges, curved seams. By Monarch, of wool Melton; $110. Hat by Christian Dior-New York. Marvella earrings. All: Bloomingdale's. Coat: Wanamaker's, Phila.; Gidding-Jenny. *Below right:* Off-white dress, neck scooping into raglan sleeves, furred with a coat of soft, russet Australian kangaroo. Coat by Max Bogen. Dress: N.S. Petites, of Strong, Hewat wool, loomed in America; about $65. At Lord & Taylor. Halston hat, made to order: Bergdorf Goodman.



HELMUT NEWTON



HELMUT NEWTON

Two great coats shaped to pale, pretty looks, framed in easy flattery. *Opposite:* Coachman's coat, biscuit-coloured, turn-down collar; welted buttonholes, twin buttons. Coat by Shagmoor, of blended wool and fur. About $80. Earrings by Richelieu. Both at Altman's. Coat, also at Woodward & Lothrop; Hudson's; Famous-Barr. Hat by Sally Victor. *This page:* Oyster-bisque coat shaped by curving, double-welted seams. Inside, grey and white long-sleeved sheath. Both by Abe Schrader; the coat of Worumbo wool, the dress of striped wool flannel. Costume about $125. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Halle Bros.; Wm. H. Block; Gus Mayer. The visored hat by Christian Dior-New York. Trifari earrings. Grandoe gloves. All at Bergdorf Goodman.

PALE COATS—OYSTER, BISCUIT





A new young international set here—three looks that are part of a coterie of clothes ideas collected on a global basis: designs stemming from wherever in the world good clothes might be found, to be worn anywhere in the world where good clothes go. This year's crop has a European background; others will come from the Far East, Great North, perhaps Darkest Africa. All, with a young viewpoint about money-exchange; all, in junior sizes, to be found in one new place: Saks Fifth Avenue's Contessina Collection. The clothes on both pages are worn by Lily Cushing. White wool in sections, left, each section framed in welt-seams, the middle section bias-cut to shape wonderful concave curves. All, adding up to a marvellous back-buttoned coatdress with round cuffed neck, waterfall shoulders. $55. Theatre suit, above, of white wool crêpe with the simplest near-fit shape, jewelled buttons that fasten marquise-cuts at the front of the jacket, ends of sleeves, back of the sleeveless dress. In Forstmann fabric; $90. Holding scrolls of hair, a fringed pin by Albert Weiss; at Saks Fifth Avenue. Beads in shades of black, opposite, adding charcoal-fire to black lace with a scalloped hem, skirt slit at one side almost to the arms, falling like a beautifully dégagé beach-shift over a narrow under-dress of black rayon crêpe. $235.

HORST





Young and worldly: a new pick of clothes

A FASHION EDITOR'S SHOPPING SPREE IN THE PARIS BOUTIQUES

After the crashing glitter and excitement of the grand couture openings, we spent a glorious afternoon crisscrossing Paris in the pre-autumn sunshine, shopping the boutiques of the great houses, each of them chocked with an individual collection of small fashion enchantments produced with great style and flair. We bought everything we really loved. . . . From Chanel: A big gilt Maltese cross studded with fantasy emeralds and rubies. . . . A pearl necklace strung on a gilt chain mixed with rubies and sapphires. . . . A short bright-cerise jersey scarf, ten inches wide, to tuck (and remain tucked) around the neck. From Fauchon: A big wicker pail on wheels for carrying flowers or tools back and forth in the garden; there's a bamboo handle to wheel it about. . . . A Thermos carafe in gnarled fake bamboo. . . . Three vividly padded perfume bottles for travel. . . . From Franzosi: The most magnificent huge artificial hydrangeas to be used indoors and out as they love the rain. . . . From Van Cleef we chose the sensation of Paris, a black velvet evening purse studded with big pale multicoloured Indian cabochon gems held with gold galloon embroidery. This for a wonderful price. . . . And we couldn't resist a three-inch diamond marguerite with a big centre of yellow diamonds. . . . From Carita: A scarlet sponge bag of bath towelling with a waterproof lining; great for make-up and miscellany. . . . Three stockings—they are always sold in three's; these in jacquard patterns to wear with tweeds. . . . From Roger Vivier's new shop (lots of potted palms and mirrors, just across the street from Dior): White alligator pumps with soft flat square toes and easy black-lacquered stacked heels; they're to wear all day, all winter. . . . A square Bristol-blue crocodile envelope bag made for him by Hermès. . . . A domed black crocodile jockey cap. . . . From Laroche: A cinnamon-brown quilted suède dress lined in bright pink with a pink scarf. . . . A white chenille and gold-mesh pullover in layers of scallops. . . . A bright-amber beaded sweater. . . . From Cardin: A cigarette box studded with giant fiery fantasy jewels. . . . From Lanvin: A postman's bag of woven rust-red with an over-the-shoulder strap, a brass satchel-handle. . . . A necklace of tiny scarlet and black beads with a mix of gold chains. . . . A nifty ponyskin jacket—white flecked with black, narrowly bound and tied with black leather; big black leather buttons. . . . From Hermès: The smartest pullover in Paris—off-white wool printed with blond wickerwork in the best Rolls-Royce manner. . . . From Schiaparelli: An enchanting triangle of pink mohair banded with white satin; marvellous to put around your shoulders for sitting up in bed. . . . Another umbrella (Continued on page 199)

COLLECTED AT ST. LAURENT: A NEW IMPRESSION OF LIPSTICK

Glowing above the signature collar of the St. Laurent theatre suit at right, a new lipstick shade that was a part of that designer's presentation this season. On the program note for his collection, a message read, "Maquillage Charles of the Ritz cré par Yves St. Laurent." Based mainly on a pair of new lip colours that could go on to form a third shade when used together, the lipsticks are ready to perform in the U. S. Called Boutique 1 and Boutique 2, they are —in order named—a superb pink coral and a surprisingly fuchsia-ed pink. In the photograph here, the latter's been favoured, partly because of the suit's temperament (lime-blue silk with gold threads); partly because as a colour, blued pink is fairly unique in the beauty annals of 1963—and if St. Laurent sees it, and sees it strongly, it's interesting to us. Suit, the mothball pearls by Scemama, and the make-up—all at I. Magnin. Make-up also at Altman's.



SHAPING THE WILLOW LINE



Here and on the next eight pages, some of the things that make the shape the new clothes need—the look of a strong, mobile body for this year's carved seaming, aloof shift dresses. . . . Everything moves, but with control—the element that the body should strive for, from the bones out. . . . Everything has a deceiving light-as-air quality and quiet discipline—often in one sleek piece—that moulds to a supple, whip-like grace. Nothing *looks* businesslike; everything is. . . . Lots of black lace—perhaps not quite hidden by the décolletage of a dense white wool dress. . . . Lots of colour, to put under another strong colour—red under coffee-bean brown; blue under green, under grey, under fawn. Printed lingerie under the strong monotones. Control in brown, in white—both sensational under black. The delicious confection of chemises, generously or completely covered with lace, slipping under short, straight lined dresses; under a perfectly proportioned, strictly tailored tunic dress. Long, lean control—from waist to knee—to underline pants. Almost always, lace—why fight the charm? . . . *Above,* a one-piece stretch of second skin that reminds muscles of their place—keeps them there with interlocking diamond panels. By Lily of France of black Lycra and Ban-Lon lace. About $23. Lord & Taylor; Dayton's. Vera Scarf.

Opposite: A strapless brassière that takes care of the midriff, stops at the waist. The cups are foam-rubber-lined, the front closing is invisible. Attached to it, a long black slip bordered in lace, side-slit. Brassière of Lycra; slip of nylon tricot. By Kayser. About $15 at Altman's; Hutzler's; Burdine's; Frederick & Nelson. Wallpaper by Denst & Miles.





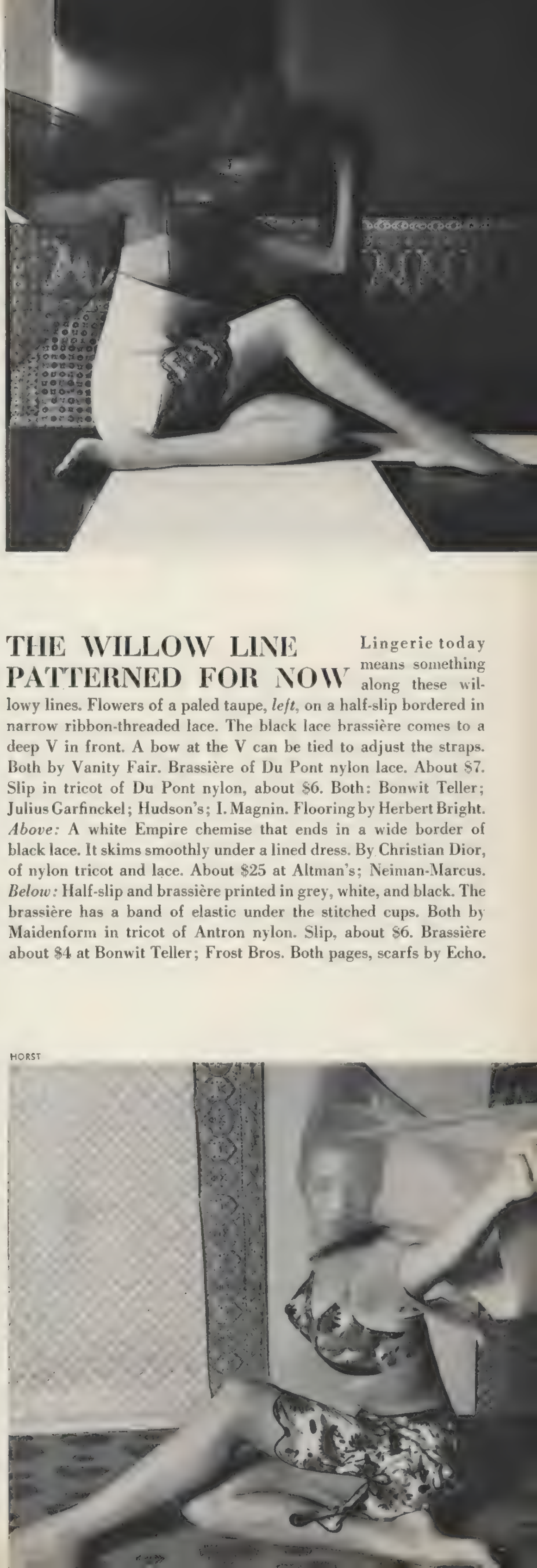
WILLOW CONTROL UNDERCOVER

On these two pages, individual control. A demi-brassière, *left,* of black lace over champagne-coloured marquisette. The black half-chemise attaches to a brief black girdle. Both by Pauline Trigère for the Formfit Designers Collection. Both of hand-clipped French nylon lace. Girdle of Lycra. Brassière, about $9; half-chemise, about $35. Lord & Taylor; Gidding-Jenny; Neiman-Marcus; Bullock's-Wilshire. *Above:* Iris-blue brassière and pantie girdle moving together. The brassière has elastic insets at the centre—front and back—and is edged with lace. The pantie-girdle extends to control that crucial top-of-the-leg area. Blue pantie-girdle of Lycra and nylon lace, lined with Antron nylon, about $11. Blue brassière of nylon, Lycra, and Antron nylon lace, about $4. Both by Gossard Artemis, at Bloomingdale's; Joseph Horne. *Below, left:* Willow-control, waist to knee. It moves where you do, particularly under pants. The knee-edge is web-woven. In a clear red. By Jantzen, of Lycra. About $9: Bloomingdale's; Woodward & Lothrop. *Below, right:* Boldly printed black-and-white four-panelled girdle with side and centre seams. With it, a bright red brassière that's elasticized almost everywhere for mobility. Both by Warner's. Brassière of Lycra and Antron nylon lace, about $5. Girdle of Lycra, about $10. Both at Bloomingdale's; Dayton's. Scarfs by Echo.

HORST







THE WILLOW LINE PATTERNED FOR NOW

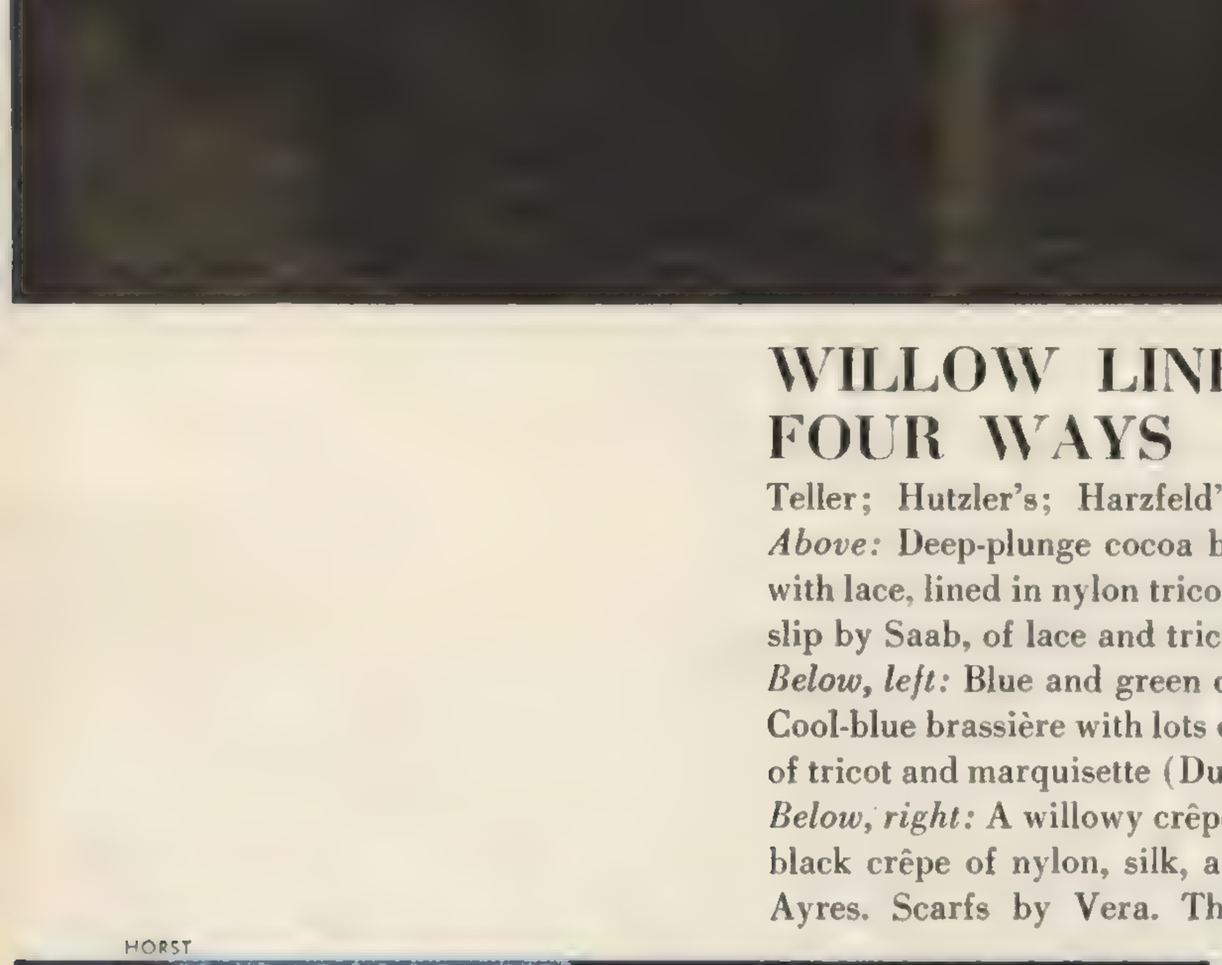
Lingerie today means something along these willowy lines. Flowers of a paled taupe, *left*, on a half-slip bordered in narrow ribbon-threaded lace. The black lace brassière comes to a deep V in front. A bow at the V can be tied to adjust the straps. Both by Vanity Fair. Brassière of Du Pont nylon lace. About $7. Slip in tricot of Du Pont nylon, about $6. Both: Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Flooring by Herbert Bright. *Above:* A white Empire chemise that ends in a wide border of black lace. It skims smoothly under a lined dress. By Christian Dior, of nylon tricot and lace. About $25 at Altman's; Neiman-Marcus. *Below:* Half-slip and brassière printed in grey, white, and black. The brassière has a band of elastic under the stitched cups. Both by Maidenform in tricot of Antron nylon. Slip, about $6. Brassière about $4 at Bonwit Teller; Frost Bros. Both pages, scarfs by Echo.

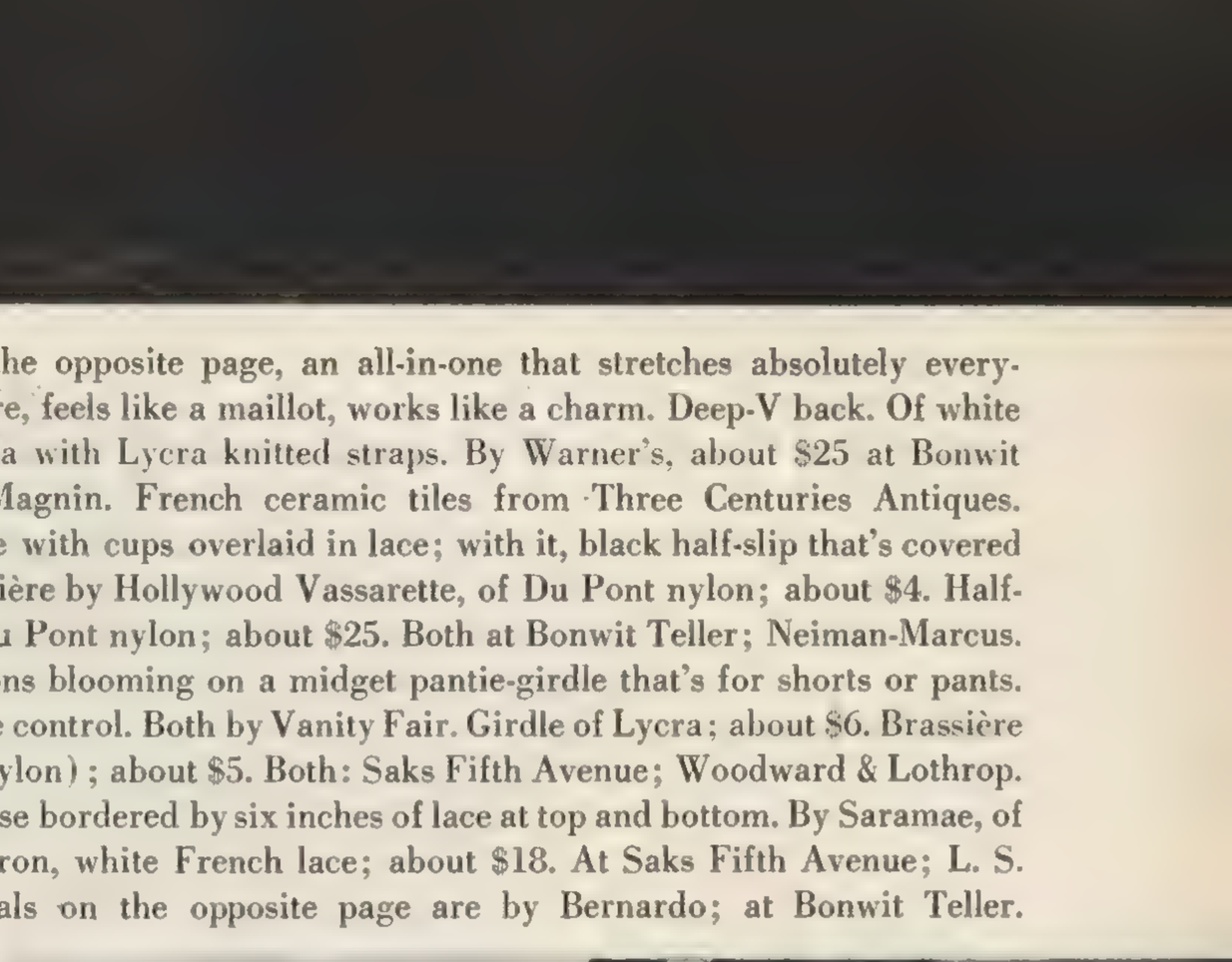
HORST

WILLOW LINE FOUR WAYS

On the opposite page, an all-in-one that stretches absolutely everywhere, feels like a maillot, works like a charm. Deep-V back. Of white Lycra with Lycra knitted straps. By Warner's, about $25 at Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Harzfeld's; I. Magnin. French ceramic tiles from Three Centuries Antiques. *Above:* Deep-plunge cocoa brassière with cups overlaid in lace; with it, black half-slip that's covered with lace, lined in nylon tricot. Brassière by Hollywood Vassarette, of Du Pont nylon; about $4. Half-slip by Saab, of lace and tricot of Du Pont nylon; about $25. Both at Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus. *Below, left:* Blue and green carnations blooming on a midget pantie-girdle that's for shorts or pants. Cool-blue brassière with lots of shape control. Both by Vanity Fair. Girdle of Lycra; about $6. Brassière of tricot and marquisette (Du Pont nylon); about $5. Both: Saks Fifth Avenue; Woodward & Lothrop. *Below, right:* A willowy crêpe chemise bordered by six inches of lace at top and bottom. By Saramae, of black crêpe of nylon, silk, and Dacron, white French lace; about $18. At Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres. Scarfs by Vera. The sandals on the opposite page are by Bernardo; at Bonwit Teller.

HORST







LACE ON THE WILLOW LINE

Why fight the charm of lace? It's back and it looks simply wonderful. *Above:* A black brassière that's lace-covered at the top of the cups which have a soft, lighter-than-air lining of Dacron. It's worn with a straight. white half-slip edged with a largesse of black lace. Brassière by Formfit, of tricot and lace (Du Pont nylon) ; about $4. Half-slip by Rogers, of Antron nylon and lace; about $11. Both at Bonwit Teller; Lasalle's. *Below:* A black lace scalloped chemise that skims over a champagne-y lining; zips up the side. By Van Raalte, of Antron nylon and lace. Talon Zephyr zipper. About $13. At Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin. *Opposite:* A strapless white all-in-one with lace-covered cups. It controls, firmly, to a point well over the hips. Side buckles adjust the fit at the top to move with you, not against you. Of Lycra and Ban-Lon lace; $23. By Contessa di Roma at De Pinna. Both pages: fabric from India Shop. Scarfs by Vera.

HORST



Vogue's September 15 edition of the Beauty Bulletin: mainly a soapbox, this time—with a brief new-products discussion on the next pages.

BEAUTY BULLETIN

THE LUXE WAY TO STOP SMOKING . . . AND SOME BEAUTY BENEFITS THAT COULD ACCRUE

The most luxurious way to give up smoking is to get someone else to do it for you, we decided one day last spring, having made some on-and-off stabs at doing it on our own. While we'd had no particularly pressing reason to stop smoking—no medical prodding, no complaints from kith or kin, no invitations to join the Olympics fencing team provided we could get up our wind—we had felt for some time that there might be more than a slight connection between the rather ornate circles under our eyes and a cigarette-insulted sinus. Whether or not this theory proved out, we had another motive: there had begun in our psyche a certain nagging awareness that the only time we ever smoked was after a cigarette. Immediately after. To the not terribly attractive picture of the female as a chain smoker we meant to put an end in any case, even if it meant for us no smoking at all. We'd give it up—but not any old whichway; certainly not in any way that might be harrowing to nerves or fattening to the figure.

Having tried and found wanting most of the usual dodges such as living on lemon drops, cutting down to ten cigarettes a day, scaring ourselves to death, smoking only after meals, we went to a sympathetic New York internist, a doctor after our heart, and asked her for a program we could follow with ease, since we were clearly over-attached to cigarettes. Dashing our hopes that hypnosis might provide the easy way out (she'd heard reports that resuggestion sessions were needed constantly in the case of cigarette cures), she said she had found no trick way to turn the wrench into a picnic. But in a thoughtful comment based on her experience, she went on to give us what turned out to be the key to our ultimate success.

What this key consisted of was her general observation that between her male and female patients whom she'd ordered to stop smoking for no-nonsense medical reasons, there was no similarity at all in response. Her male patients quit smoking when they were told to stop, period. Her female patients agonized and cheated. "It's clearly much, much harder for women," she said, continuing, (Continued on next page)



Swimming in stirred-up waters: part of the luxe way to stay away from cigarettes.
Frothed up with a Jacuzzi motor, water works this way: as a stimulant that leaves the body humming with health, the skin ringing with fresh colour, fresh life. That's one good thing we discovered at The Golden Door beauty retreat; another, the fact that you can't smoke underwater. . . .



Fresh-squeezed orange juice "to feed the body's hunger."
Part of the program planned against cigarettes: fresh, nuggety fruit juice mid-morning, mid-afternoon, to feed the body against cigarette longings.

Calm hands—lit with silvery coolness

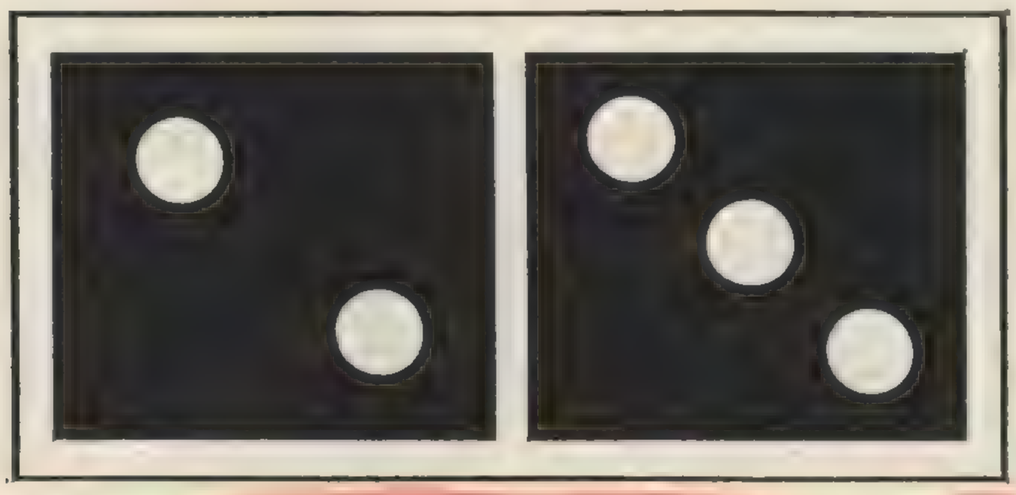
At left, the new light-up is an extraordinary kind of jewelling; the first rings we've seen in we can't remember when in which silver seems a great new fashion ore. Here, a weight of silver set with smoky topaz. Our favourite (award to the woman who doesn't smoke anymore?), the wide, rectangular ring grooved at the back like a Chinese pacifier. All by Torun Bulow Hube to order through Georg Jensen; $450 plus tax, each. The fetching black dress of moiréd antelope, cut to keep its wide neckline wide, its long body line long. By Trigère for Ben Kahn. Dress, at Bonwit Teller; Dayton's.

KEN HAAK



Crystal-clear pattern forming in the soap picture

This is happening: a new soap mania—a rage for soaps with new mildness, richness, and, in some cases, new clarity. Of the "clears" these are especially noted for their neutrality, their ph7 aim: Savon Clair, Neutrogena, and a Swiss neutral called Immun.



Make-up for black

Prepared for an on-rush of black in fashion, Coty's come through with make-up colours for black—a nicely-edited choice they've chosen to dress in glistening black cases. See the lot of them, page 31.



New eye chart for beauty

What it says is: if you haven't tried eyelash extenders yet, do. If you haven't any fake eyelashes, have some.

BEAUTY BULLETIN

(Continued from preceding page) "I've come to the conclusion that women's nervous systems are organized entirely differently than men's and their cigarette dependence can be a quite involved thing." To us, what this said was two things: first, we needn't feel so guilty about our baroque failure to stop the flow of cigarettes; second, we'd better find a way tailored specifically to a woman—her nerves, her needs, her whims. It struck us that the best plan might be a short getaway for the beginning of the cure—and the ideal place for that was a beauty spa. Still attracted to the idea of getting someone other than ourselves to do the detaching, we thought we might attempt to present the cigarette problem as a beauty problem, and let the spa—with all its programs and facilities—take it from there.

Willing was a spa we'd long heard of on the West Coast—a place called The Golden Door. Halfway between Los Angeles and San Diego in the avocado country at Escondido, it was known to us only by its reputation for luxe and for the fact that Aldous Huxley had slept there.

We'd had no idea whether it was coeducational or not (it wasn't; how Mr. Huxley got into the act was at some point during the two weeks four times each year when The Golden Door is closed to women and open to men); whether it was dinner-clothes-every-night or not (it wasn't; only on Saturday nights did people dress—a factor which makes The Golden Door more casual than most such spas). Packing ourselves off in a DC-8 flown sweetly by one Mr. United, we whizzed to Los Angeles, changed planes for San Diego, where, we'd been told, we were to be met by The Door's chief soothsayer and soothdoer, described as a Dr. Anne-Marie Bennstrom. Encountering the first honour-system baggage counter of our experience, we regained our luggage, listened for the p.a. to page us, and when it did, were temporarily blinded by a sight to stop the friends of Ben Casey in their tracks. Dr. Bennstrom, dressed in a pink mohair sweater with pink stretch pants tucked into gold lamé stretch boots, was a small, sunny (Continued on page 194)

The continuous idea—in fashion, in beauty

We're all for this when it can be made to happen: ownership of a charming, dependable little ease that works around the clock for you. Side-buttoned, boat-necked mink tunic, at right, is one such (more about it in a minute); the Paradox idea in beauty by DuBarry is another. A moisturizer with a longer span of effectiveness than is true of most moisturizers, Paradox exists in a cleansing cream, an under-make-up lotion, and an overnight cream—which just about wraps up the nonstop dewiness dept. These, all in white and gilt, at Altman's. Mink tunic, in "Autumn Haze," Emba natural brown mink, by Constantino of Christie Bros., also at Joseph Horne; Blum's, Chicago. K.J.L. ring. Hat, same mink; Hattie Carnegie. HELMUT NEWTON



STAND-UP-AND-BE-COUNTED ACCESSORIES

This season's high-speed prop news: stand-up-and-be-counted accessories that go together in a great mix of leathers, glitters, furs: magnified handbags of tawny tiger, lizard, saffian leather; gobs of glimmer in the hair, at the throat, on the hands and wrists; jewelled buttons on mink, on wool; broadtail shawls for evening; lacy, racy stockings.

Night with shimmer, right. Two small broadtail shawls for evening cover; on the dark side, ruffled black-dyed Russian broadtail lamb, worn with platters-of-rhinestone earrings; and white Indian broadtail lamb, lit by giant teardrops in the hair. Shawls by Maximilian. Also at Holt Renfrew of Canada. Earrings by Albert Weiss, $15*. Altman's; Joseph Magnin. Hairpin: bogus baroque pearls and a rhinestone flower by Richelieu, $15*. Lord & Taylor's, Hudson's. Black silk-lined kidskin gloves by Shalimar. Bloomingdale's. Both coiffures by Marc Sinclair of Lilly Daché.

Three shapes of pins, below, heaped a stone's throw together high on a suèded shoulder: a cross, a conch-shaped shell, a circle set with snail grey and beetle brown agate pebbles. Designed by David Kidd for Abra Originals. All three pins, about $10* each. Everything at Henri Bendel.









Meld of leathers and tweeds, above. Shiny black saffian envelope on a gilt and bamboo handle; black lizard shoes; grey herringboned stockings; thrush-brown gloves of doeskin-finished lambskin; black-and-white checkerboard suit. Handbag by Koret, of East Indian goatskin, $70*. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. Shoes by Customcraft, $27. Lord & Taylor. Stretch stockings by Phoenix, at Bergdorf Goodman. Eight-button gloves by Kislav. Best & Co.; I. Magnin.

*PLUS TAX

La belle sauvage, below—tawny, stripey tiger handbag, almost large enough to stash a telescopic sight, gusseted and handled in black calfskin. Worn with jangly bogus gold-nugget bracelets stacked four deep. Handbag by Nettie Rosenstein, $575*. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus. Bracelets by Hattie Carnegie, $10* each. Lord & Taylor; Joseph Magnin.



STAND-UP-AND-BE-COUNTED ACCESSORIES

continued



New jewelled buttons, above. This year's shining latches—on wool, on leather, on fur. Here, rhinestone domes clipped on a black-dyed mink jacket with a high flipped-over collar of black snakeskin. Clips by Apex Art, $10* each. Best & Co. Jacket: Christian Dior Furs-New York.



Cluster-of-berry bracelets, above, cascading from both wrists. Grey and white bogus pearls fringed with rhinestone globes, bunched like great shoots of currants. The little black envelope: crispy ciré patterned with black roses. Both berry bracelets by Brania, $25* each. At Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin. Envelope handbag by Enger Kress, $10*. This, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

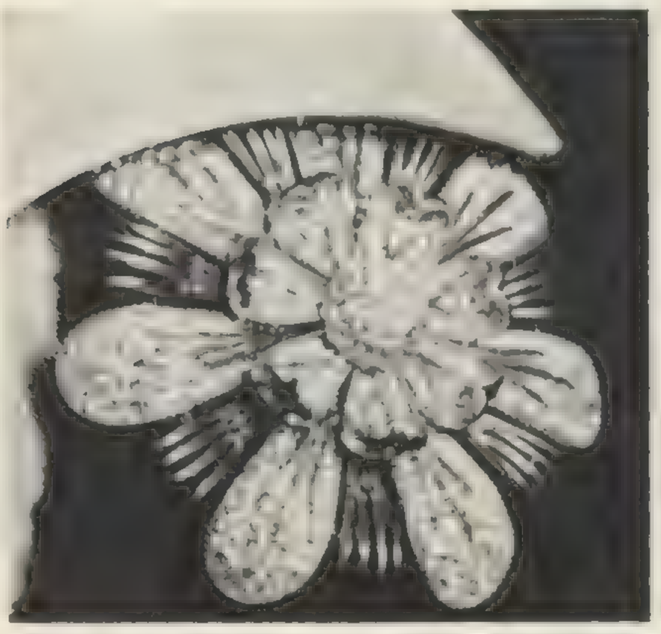
New reptilian twist, below—huge, sleeked envelope of beige French lizard; snaky latch. Rings in the picture: on the fourth finger, rhinestones in a nugget of gilt; on the fifth, massive wedding band. Lucille handbag, $225*. Henri Bendel; I. Magnin. Adjustable nugget ring by Vendôme, $10*. Bloomingdale's.



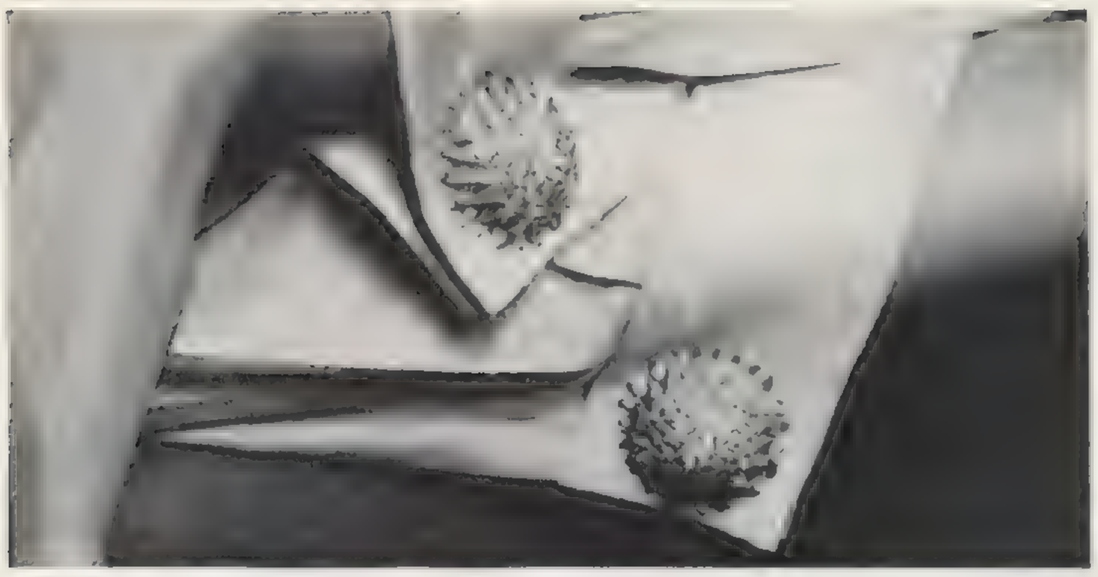
Fringed necklaces, coronas of petals, left. Four high, close necklaces by Napier; the fringe necklace, $40*, the fringe with rhinestones, $30*, the petal-necklaces, $15* each. Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin.

*PLUS TAX.





Half-hidden flower, right, frozen in ice. It beams, here, under the shirt collar of a nubby wool suit. Rhinestone pin by Trifari, $35*. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel.



Sea-urchin cuff links, above, paved with small rhinestones, glittering at the ends of silky shirtsleeves. By Castlecliff. $15*. De Pinna.

Pinballs of fire and light, below. Pavé rhinestones and multi-coloured chips, worn close at the throat over bareness. By Laguna, $40*. Bergdorf Goodman. Coiffure: Marc Sinclair of Lilly Daché.



HORST

Lacy, racy stockings, below, patterned in black Spanish lace, to plunge, ankle-deep, in a pair of silver evening boots. Stretch nylon stockings by Phoenix, at Bergdorf Goodman. On the double-ringed finger, a ridged gilt dome, $8*, and a green-studded higher dome, $10*. Both by Mimi di N. At Bonwit Teller.





COUNTESS FERDINAND VON BISMARCK— A SKIER WITH IMAGINATION, MOTHER OF TWO SONS, BEARER OF A GREAT NAME, A PAINTER OF FANTASY CITIES WITH GIANT MUSHROOMS.

By François Nourissier

Countess Elisabeth von Bismarck belongs to a privileged category of women—those women who have looked into the mirror and not exploited the beauty it reflects; those who bear great and gilded names with simplicity; those for whom charm, fascination, pleasure, and success—all the celebrated traits of face and figure—are like a young girl's secrets which deserve safeguarding. In a word, I am here in this green-and-yellow drawing room in Brussels to understand this marvellous fragility of childhood conserved in an extraordinary twentieth-century woman.

What have I discovered in the five minutes she has been sitting before me? Her eyes—pale but burning; her hair—wild as a nomad's; her lithe, disciplined figure—well-bred, discreet in a short linen dress; her skin—fair under the summer sun; her mouth—completely unadapted to bad temper. Then, too, there is her perfect ease of speech, of gesture, of welcome. But the restraint of the phrases! How proper she is! The best of every society produces these blond beauties, exquisitely mannered, these pale complexions, admirable at a candlelit dinner party, still more admirable sunburned at Klosters or Portofino, when the frail urban angel becomes a dark angel of the sun. She is exactly that, a Nordic angel with a rigorous profile, a cousin of the madonnas of Quentin Matsys who reign over the Brussels Royal Beaux Arts Museum.

A little haziness, however, blurs the portrait:

"Is it true that you lose everything?"

"My keys, again, this morning. . . ."

"That you smash up your cars?"

"I love to drive fast. . . ."

"That you are careless?" (Continued on page 193)

Countess Ferdinand von Bismarck, a European beauty, daughter of the notable Belgian ornithologist, Count Léon Lippens, is the wife of Count von Bismarck, an official of the European Economic Commission in Brussels. Above: *Count and Countess von Bismarck at Château de Sterrebeek, outside Brussels;* below, *the Countess with their sons, Karl Edward and Gottfried.*



HENRY CLARKE



COUNTESS VON BISMARCK

Left: Riding on the beach at Le Zoute in white ribbed cotton Camargue pants and a black pullover, long and belted. There, the young Von Bismarcks often weekend at her father's big cosy house, which has in the living room a telescope for bird watching. *Right:* Elisabeth von Bismarck, her gold-flecked hair caught in a Hermès square, at Le Zwin, the vast bird sanctuary founded by her father, Count Lippens, a member of the High Council of Natural Reserves and Sanctuaries.



HENRY CLARKE



COUNTESS VON BISMARCK



Elisabeth von Bismarck loves Le Zoute with its stretches of briny, deep-skied beach overlapping Belgium into Holland. Here, *right*, with black pants she wears a Belgian fisherman's rough white wool sweater and black oilskin hat. In the distance, a wrecked pirate radio ship, beached on a fog-bound Dutch sandbank. *Far right:* For evenings at home in Brussels, Countess von Bismarck likes this long, sleeveless wool jersey dress in clear red, a present from her father-in-law Prince Otto von Bismarck-Schönhausen.

HENRY CLARKE







ARAB-VENETIAN: A PLEASURE DOME

THE DUNE VILLA OF COUNT GIOVANNI VOLPI DI MISURATA

BY FABRIZIO SARAZANI

In this villa a strict recognition of history, a pure beauty of line, a contemporary ease of living, plus a merging of antiques, ingenuities, comforts, and austerities combine to give the supercharged force of a dream. The setting conspires. The house stands at the foot of Mount Circeo, where legend places the palace of Circe, the colour of sea and forest endures—as bright today as in the mythic poetry of Homer.

Here, on an open Italian beach unsullied by bathhouses or modern little villas, Countess Natalie Volpi di Misurata chose to build, in memory of her husband, a strange and breath-taking dwelling in neoclassic style. Sitting high on the dunes, its severe and elegant façade mirrored in the sea, the house, planned for her son, Count Giovanni Volpi di Misurata, has the look of a small antique temple. It is supported by dazzlingly white pillars with Ionic capitals that blossom in the (Continued on next page)



THE OUTLOOK

1. The pleasure of an Arab tent, at Sabaudia. 2. Vaulted corridor, iron door. 3. Pure Palladian columns of the Beach Temple. 4. On the splendid lake at Sabaudia, Venetian-striped gondola poles, like those at Count Volpi's palazzo on Venice's Grand Canal; in the distance, Mount Circeo where Circe may have lived. 5. The tent, red cloth, crossed with black spears.





PLEASURE DOME

lithe, graceful style of Andrea Palladio. On the pediment of the "temple" is a dedication to Count Giuseppe Volpi di Misurata, who, from 1910 until his death in 1947 demonstrated an extraordinary constructive intelligence, rare in Italian life; whatever there is that is modern and vital in Venice today, from its industrial harbour to the Lido Film Festival, is associated with Count Volpi's work. The Countess cherishes the memory of these achievements.

The neoclassic villa, designed by the architect Tommaso Buzzi, suggests a search for a reality against the mainstream. It is a house that has been contrived rather than constructed. Modern paintings are lighted by Imperial Roman lamps. An ancient Roman vase stands near slick black leather chairs. On the doors of the guests' apartments are inscribed the names of famous figures of Republican and Imperial Rome, from Cicero to Septimius Severus. The whiteness of the columns and of the marble framing the tall windows rhymes with the ash white of the Homeric beaches or with the emerald green of the untouched Virgilian forest.

In my long experience as a writer studying Roman life, I have never met another person like Countess Volpi. She always appears to be detached from the world around her. She is, quite simply, the portrait of herself—painted by herself. In her splendid Roman palace as in her dazzling residence on the Grand Canal in Venice, everything seems to obey her irresistible direction. The setting she chooses to live in becomes the background of her self-portrait, much as the landscape surrounding her temple-residence in Sabaudia frames it.

She chooses her friends as she chooses her books; she does not simply endure them out of social habit. "I've just finished reading the letters of Pliny the Younger," she told me, at Sabaudia. "He also speaks of these places—of the high walls of hawthorn, lentiscus, and myrtle. 'Coronary' myrtle, he calls it. And it still grows so tall that you could fashion from it those bizarre figures of men and beasts that so beguiled the ancient Romans and the garden-lovers of the eighteenth century." . . .

We are scarcely fifty miles from (Continued on next page)

THE IMPRESSIONS

1. The Beach Temple. 2. A carpet of lavender flowers. 3. A spiral driveway of specially-patterned brick. 4. A pitcher of *sangria* in a clump of wild beach cactus. 5. A horse in a paddock by the sea. 6. Zebra skins lining the floors of the fantastic sitting room—black and white with only two red pillows; not shown, a Buffet painting, with a pink background, of Annabelle Buffet.

LEOMBRUNO-BODI



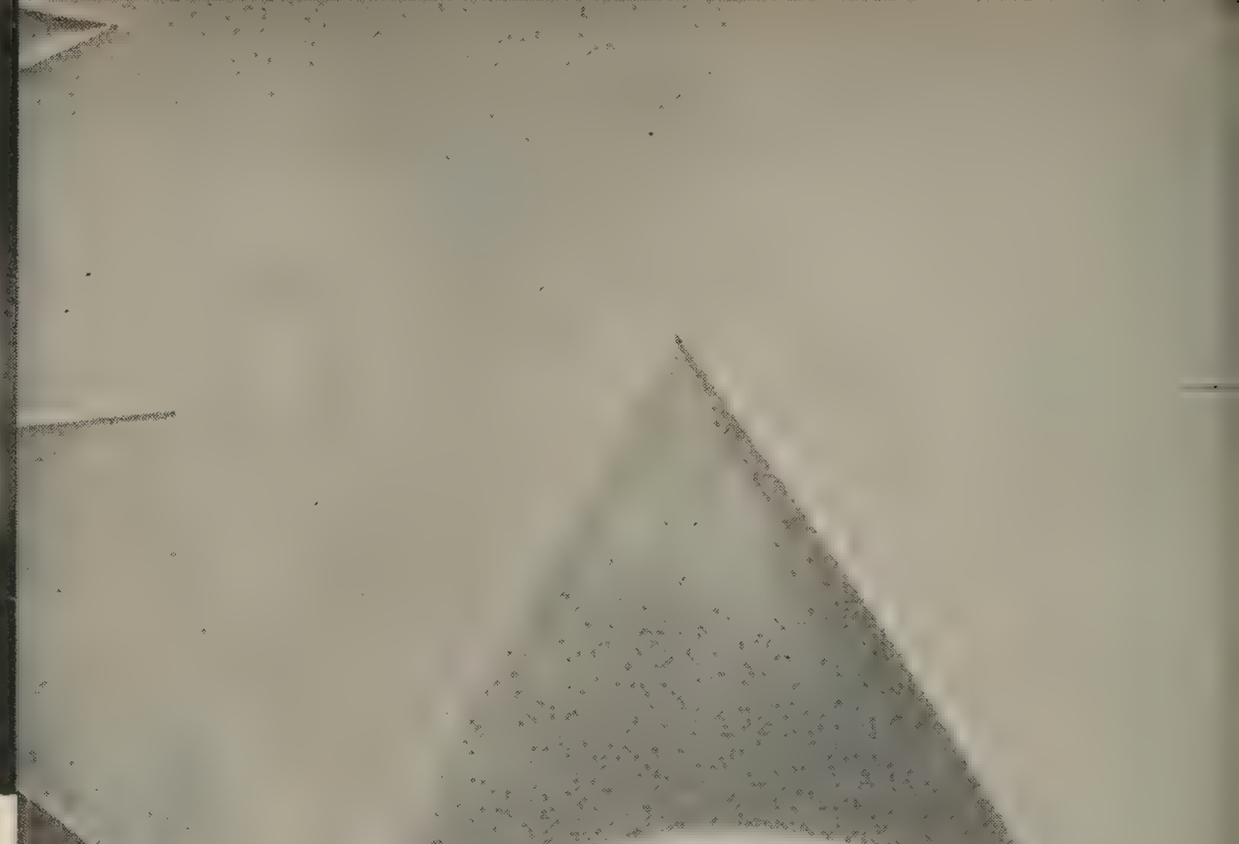


Rome, yet this is the flora of which Pliny speaks. This is the panorama that Ulysses saw—the groves and thickets, the gigantic bracken, the ancient ilex, oak, juniper, and laurel. This promontory where Ulysses landed, rising between the Lake of Paola and the Tyrrhenian Sea, looks like an island. The landscape is ancient, fixed forever, as it was with Ulysses and the Sirens, Virgil and the ship of Aeneas, in the legends of the great Greek seafaring poems.

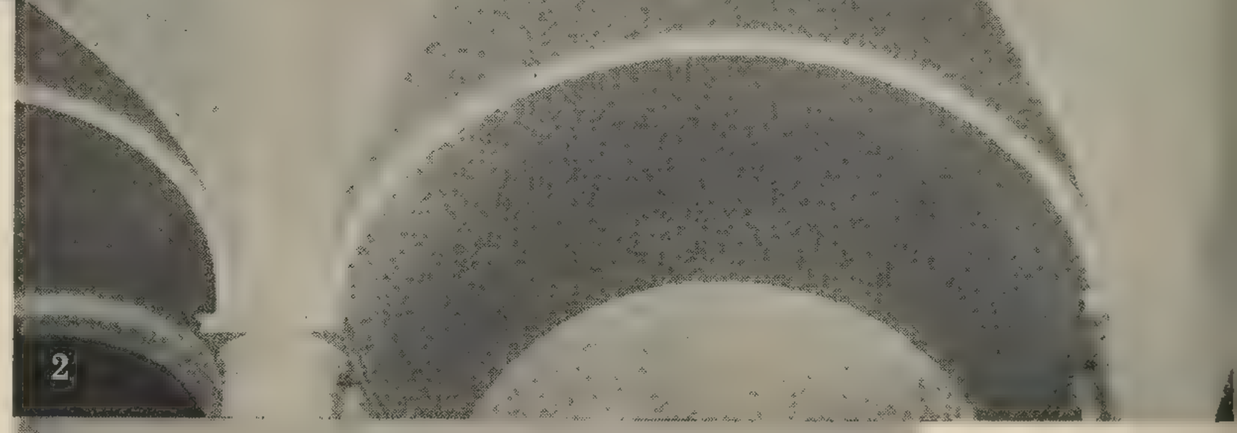
To reach the tiny beach of the Lake of Paola, one goes through a fascinating underpass built of Roman bricks in the style of a Capitoline corridor, and then crosses the forest that pulses at sunset and dawn with the singing of birds—of all music at once the most modern and most ancient. This extraordinary quick transition from the bright sea to the soothing lake shore (lunch is often served under the trees) is part of the sense of other-worldliness.

At the end of dinner, we gather under the portico while the moon is high above Circeo. Natalie Volpi murmurs, with infinite sweetness, the words of a song, all unconsciously, and then she falls silent. The house, as she has invented it, stands as if under a spell between the fable of Homer and the realities of geography. This curious temple she has raised in Sabaudia is part of a precious, almost symbolic scenery amid which she moves.

TRANSLATED BY ADRIENNE FOULKE









THE DETAILS

1. Murano glasses, heavy, crowned, beautiful. 2. Ceiling detail, a geometric elaboration of arcs and triangles. 3. A guest cell, stern. 4. One of several barred windows, all with sculptures. 5. The dining table, a mastery of glass and black. 6. A sculptured torso on a column's capital. 7. A carved banister pole, white and curved. 8. A sofa of "travertino" marble, cushioned in white cotton, all white cotton pillows except for one in red. Black iron table, with candlestick, on a Corinthian capital. 9. Dining table detail; heavy Murano glasses, black plastic mats, black plates with portraits (and names) of Roman emperors. Here, Nero. 10. Corridor leading to austere guest cells. 11. A thatched cover-way, a table set for luncheon. 12. The still, sculptured folds of a bedroom curtain in cotton suède. 13. The pattern of black spears on the red Arab beach tent. 14. A writing stand built into the wall. 15. Sitting room detail, zebra skin, iron bench with white cotton.

PLEASURE DOME

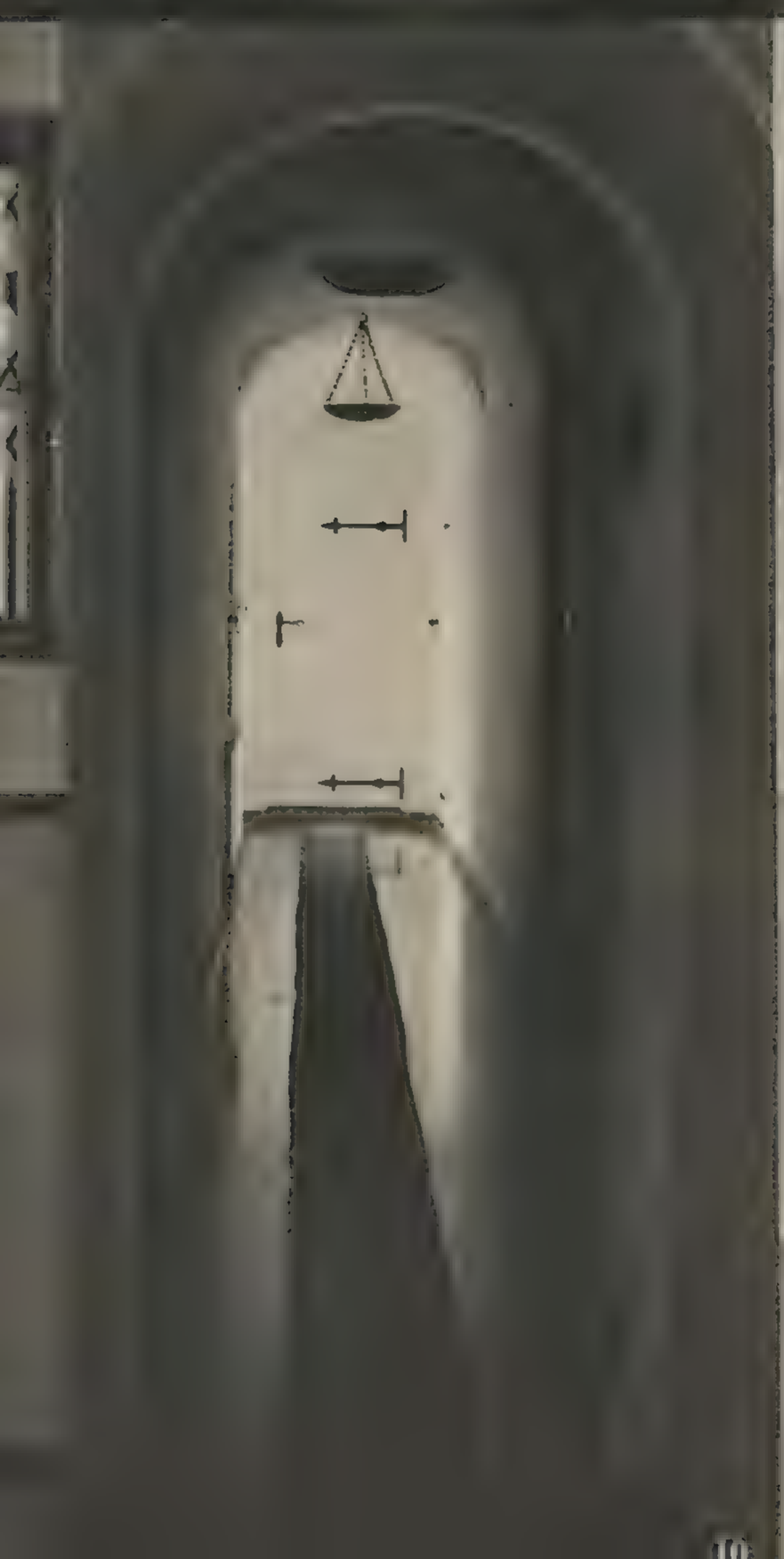


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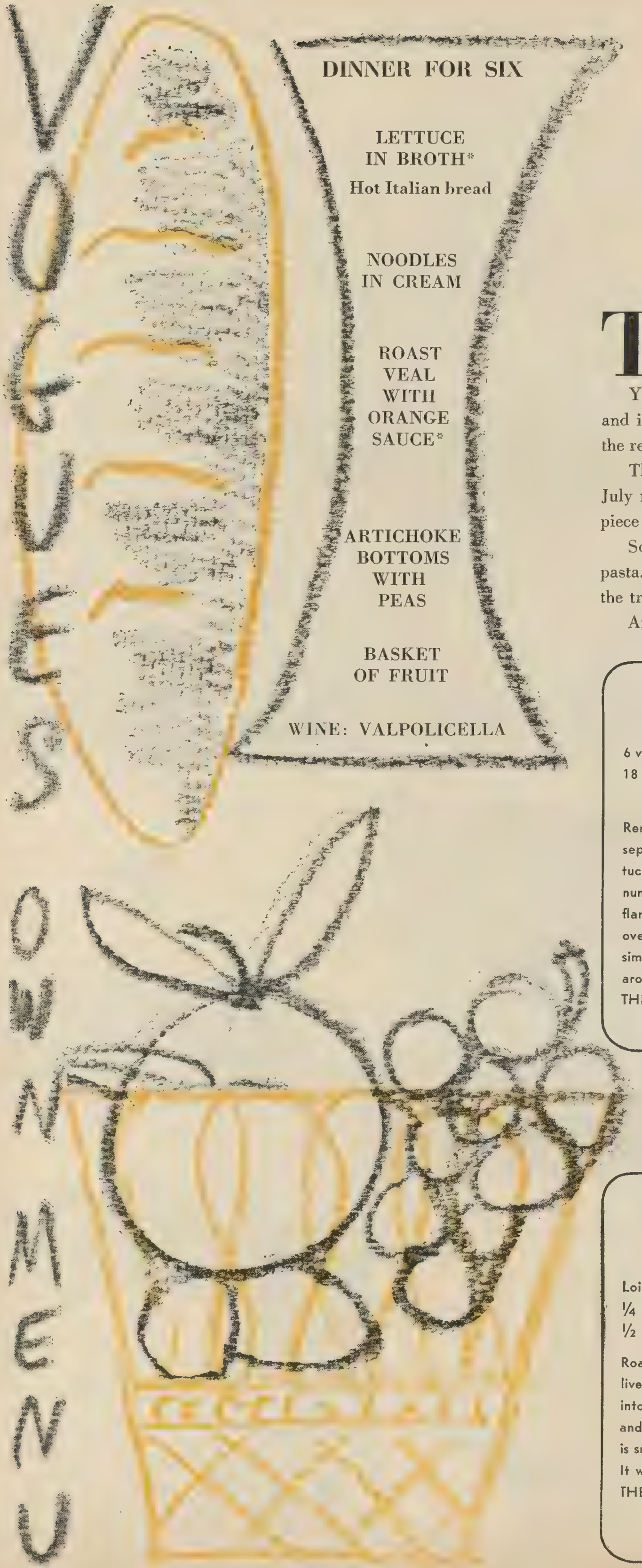
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This is a dinner for old and understanding friends. You are trying out a new dish or two, and if something goes wrong, you want consolation, not condemnation.

You have just been in Italy where you have come upon these surprises, and in your own rather sketchy handwriting, you have carefully set down the recipes. The question is now: will they work?

The veal itself is easy enough. (Veal. Have you forgotten so soon that July night in Rome when you swore that if you ever laid eyes on another piece of veal you'd scream the house down?)

So, veal. In any case, it is the sauce that matters. And of course, a pasta. Make lots of that, in case the lettuce in broth turns out not quite the triumph it seemed in Bologna.

And for an easy dessert: cold fruit.

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

LETTUCE IN BROTH

FOR SIX PEOPLE

6 very small heads Boston lettuce
18 flat anchovy fillets
12 ripe olives, sliced
12 green olives, sliced
4 cups beef stock or beef consommé

Remove any bruised outside leaves from the lettuce, wash thoroughly, but do not separate. Now, very carefully, force back some of the leaves so that you can tuck down into each head 3 anchovy fillets. Also force down into the head a number of slices of ripe olives and green olives. Place heads of lettuce in a flame-proof casserole or other covered pot, tightly packed so they will not fall over. Pour boiling stock or consommé around them. Put on a low flame and let simmer for 6 or 7 minutes. Remove to soup plates, and spoon a little of the broth around each head of lettuce. Pass a loaf of heated Italian bread.

THE SNAPPER: Using lettuce as a first course instead of soup and salad.

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

ROAST VEAL WITH ORANGE SAUCE

FOR SIX PEOPLE

Loin of veal for 6
¼ pound calf's liver
½ cup beef consommé
½ cup red wine
Grated rind and juice of 1 orange
Grated rind of 1 lemon

Roast veal 30 or 35 minutes per pound. Serve with this orange sauce: Cut calf's liver into small squares, fry it in butter until all the pink has disappeared. Put this into an electric blender. Add the consommé, wine, grated rind and juice of orange, and the grated lemon rind. Now turn on the blender and let it run until the mixture is smooth. Pour mixture into a saucepan, heat very gently, and taste for seasoning. It will probably need salt and pepper. Pass the hot sauce separately.

THE SNAPPER: The orange sauce.

COUNTESS VON BISMARCK

(Continued from page 181)

"Look: you haven't an ashtray. . . ."

Is she only a scatterbrain? A few clouds of thought chased by a turbulent wind in her head? The glance which, in spite of our conversation, hardly ever leaves Karl Edward, small boy, breaker of lamps and champion of pinched fingers, or the cradle where Gottfried is sleeping, is not at all a symptom of frivolity. That tempers the impression. Elisabeth von Bismarck is a vague woman but with precise thoughts, a poetic wife but with practical words, an Ophelia with muscle. Furthermore—although I just now realized it—I find I feel perfectly comfortable with her.

I look around me. . . .

The Brussels house—narrow and high, cornered between its neighbours, the street, and a tiny garden—one could find in old Passy, or in Chelsea, perhaps even in San Francisco. Anywhere, in fact, that the coupling of comfort and Bohemia takes refuge in no-longer-fashionable districts. One feels that an open battle is engaged between the drabness, the nakedness of the walls, and the vitality of this *maîtresse de maison.* She is on the right track. Here are her victories: the violent colours she loves—green, orange, yellow, and, here and there, her drawings and her paintings. They tell more about her than our conversation.

They are subdued portraits in the style of Balthus, pencil sketches (faces loved as much as drawn), and collages touched with watercolour of imaginary cities over which flash fantastic insects and mushrooms.

A voice full of excuses: "I had to cover these terrible walls! There is still a great deal to do. . . ."

But that is the humour of the well educated, the modesty learned somewhere between a Swiss boarding school and an Anglophile family—that is what one says in order to pass off as a domestic fantasy this kind of waking dream which one senses through the strange drawings.

To tell the truth, chairs and sofas do not especially interest Elisabeth von Bismarck. I think she could furnish her living room with photographs of people she loves. On the other hand, the carnivorous flowers, the giant mushrooms, the flies floating over dead cities, these are her world. . . . But these are not things which one mentions to a stranger. . . .

I return to questions on real life, the things that ignore the glimpsed vistas which paintings sometimes open. Sports, for example, or vacations?

Where does she spend her vacations?

"At the seashore, in Le Zoute, at my parents' house. I was brought up there, it is my real country, we spend all our time on birds there, you know. . . . I also love Friedrichsruh, in Germany, my father-in-law's place. And then every winter we go to Austria to St. Anton to a little pension. There, it's marvellous. We come home so tired!"

She said that with the relish of a good, young, healthy woman for whom pleasure begins in the morning with skiing and still blooms at midnight, dancing.

Le Zoute, St. Anton, skiing, swimming, horseback riding, tennis, aren't these the trappings of any well-to-do young European? But the name "Friedrichsruh" has another ring: this castle near which a railway line was specially built so that the terrifying Iron Chancellor (great-grandfather of Ferdinand) could get himself quickly to Berlin. . . .

Another atypical note: her grey Lancia, faithful and used, and the gusto with which its driver speaks of speed. Another note again: the gracious disdain with which she speaks of boring industrialists or millionaires. She seems of sober fabric, apparently all good wool, but with sudden rips onto things which intoxicate: dreams, speed, impertinence, music, travel.

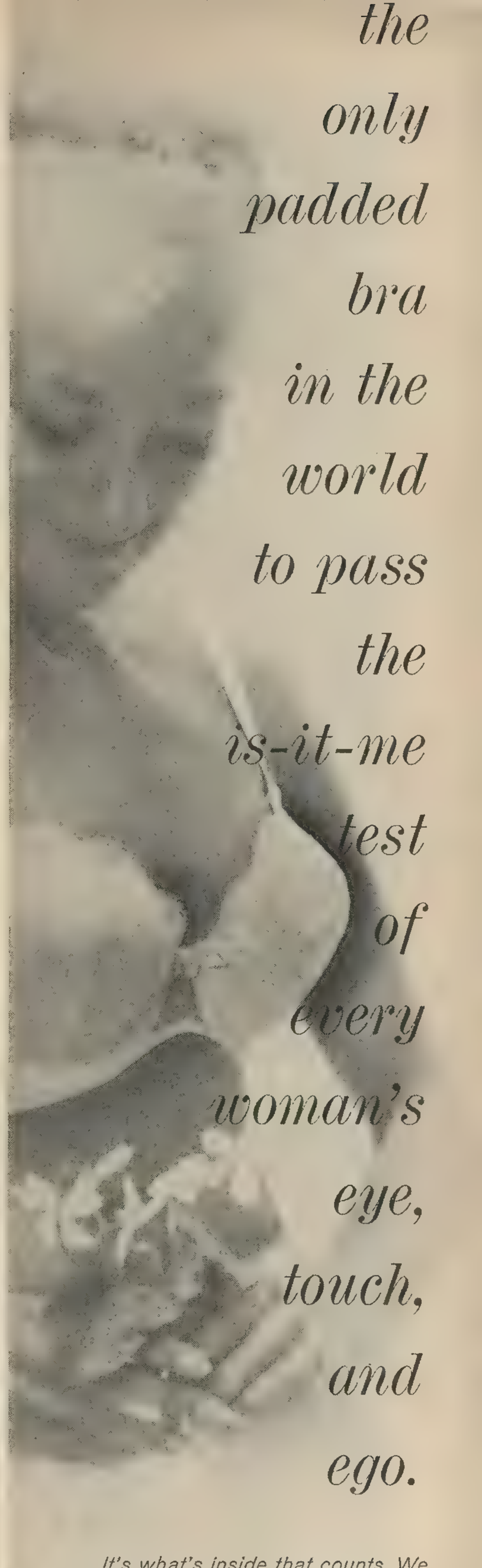
This daughter of the North also speaks fluently of the sun; of La Camargue where she loves to ride horseback; of Brazil where she intends to go next year; of Sicily with its baroque palaces, its balls, its vendettas.

Then, for some moments, she speaks more freely; dreams cross in her voice, more fire lights her words; she names the authors she loves—those who ensnare time in the trap of a slow-moving story—the painters of whom she is envious: Hieronymus Bosch, Max Ernst, Magritte, Delvaux, Tanguy.

People tell everything about themselves in admitting which painters they love. . . .

And her admissions do not lie; they lurk behind the collages in the living room, within the silences of our conversation. Little by little, the first impression is erased. Another, more subtle, covers it without completely contradicting it. There remain, no doubt, for Elisabeth von Bismarck doors to open, paths to follow. One would like to show her the landscapes, the paintings, the books she is destined to love. So much is still before her. She has the face of one who makes projects rather than balance sheets. She loves Vienna? It remains for her to discover Salzburg, Aix, Bayreuth. She speaks of the "fantastic architectures" of De Chirico? Tomorrow she will love those of Klee. She dreams of a world where artists will be her neighbours and her friends. Everywhere she goes, if she wants, they will become so. Because it is a great privilege to be of noble heritage, and to have a true set of values. Here is this skier, *amie des rêves,* this young girl with two strapping blond babies, who bears one of the weightiest names in Germany; she is an accomplice of Mozart on vacation in a Viennese palace. . . .

One usually reserves the name "débutante" for adolescents who put on their first long dress for a first ball—and one makes a big thing of it. I prefer to use débutante for a young woman in miraculous balance between the too little and the too much, between nonchalance and elegance—a young woman who is already happy but who gives the impression that life's brightest fires are, for her, still to burn. That, for me, is a débutante: she who takes her first steps, who makes her first gestures, in a game at which one feels she will excel. If one can believe appearances, happiness is a game made for Elisabeth von Bismarck.



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"WHERE YOU CAN BUY"
—SEE LAST PAGE

on page 45



SHANNON RODGERS FOR JERRY SILVERMAN

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THE LUXE WAY TO GIVE UP SMOKING

(Continued from page 174)

Swedish beauty—her doctorate, she quickly clarified, was more Phys. Ed. than M.D. Driving out north into the darkening countryside, Dr. Bennstrom told us of her enthusiasm for The Golden Door and what she'd seen it accomplish, and added, "We prefer to have two weeks' time with each of our guests, but in your case, we were able to fit you in for a three-day stay because we had a postponement of one reservation. You won't be able to do more than see a little of what can happen, in your Friday to Monday stay, but I hope you'll continue at home with the program you begin here."

What would our program be? "We look you over and tell you when you get to The Door."

Forty-four minutes up the highway-slashed valley of dusty eucalyptus, Dr. Bennstrom made a sudden left turn into a driveway leading toward a lighted ring of low buildings, and stopped before a jewelled Persian brass-faced door. In answer to a request in Spanish by Dr. Bennstrom, someone called Roberto took my luggage, explained that some of the guests had gone to town to the movies and said that Cora was waiting to serve our dinner.

Entering the main building we walked through a studio sitting room where we caught a fast glimpse of women in pants and shirts of the Pucci and Jax strain, all looking more civilized than we expected they would after almost a week of letting down. We followed Dr. Bennstrom past a small bright kitchen bar out into a courtyard formed by the encirclement of twenty or so connected houses, all of which faced on a boomerang-shaped swimming pool frothing Jacuzzi-stirred water. Narrow paths, flagged and pebbled, crossed and recrossed a miniature Japanese bridge past a tenanted dovecote. We stopped at a house bearing the numeral "11" and entered an enormous bed-sitting room with whitewashed brick walls, high-beamed ceiling, a crystal chandelier, white latter-day provincial furniture picked out in gilt. At an angle in the room against a long wall of pale green curtains was a bed already turned down and deliciously pillowed.

Opening to the right was a dressing room with a lighted make-up table surfaced with fresh cosmetics in golden-stoppered bottles; at its right, an open rack or closet in which hung a silver space suit (to be worn for steam-cabinet, it was explained), a white terry cloth toga with fringe at its knee-length hem (to be worn enroute to treatments and to lunch), and, like a huge, unstuffed Easter bunny, a third costume: a fluffy pale-pink sweat shirt and thick pyjama pants to match. "This is our 'pinkie,'" Dr. Bennstrom said. "It's the Golden Door uniform for exercise and hiking."

She suggested we change into a toga. "Then you can eat here on a tray on your chaise, and we'll talk. I'll have my tray here with you, if you're not too tired, and we can plan how wonderfully happy you're going to be not smoking any more."

Happiness at the moment was knocking at our door. Starched, smiling, wearing on the bodice of her apron a glassine-framed card lettered "Cora," there stood a well-into-middle-age woman bearing a pretty wicker tray which she brought to a table next to the chaise longue Dr. Bennstrom had indicated for us. Changed into the terry cloth toga, boarding the chaise as instructed, we stretched out to be served dinner. Thin marrow broth of great beef authenticity came first. A perfectly-broiled steak followed, and a glorious green salad in a fluted Venetian bowl. In a tall glass on the tray was the eau de vie of The Golden Door: orange juice squeezed only seconds before, and curded with pulp. "Want any dessert?" asked Dr. Bennstrom when we'd dealt with these. Watching her slather a wedge of Golden Delicious apple with almond butter, we indicated, "Some of that."

"Now," said Dr. Bennstrom, who was curled up in a pleasant chair at our chaise-side, "We'll plan what's going to happen to you. You're going to stop smoking, right? You're going to feel wonderful, right? You're going to look at the matter from a biochemical view. You're going to feed the body's hungers with *foods that are not conducive to cigarette hunger*. By this I mean you're going to have fresh fruit, fresh vegetables, fruit juice, herb teas, but nothing spicy. Think about it. After spices you want a cigarette, don't you? But what happens when you eat a cottage cheese salad with fresh strawberries and lovely melon and berries and citrus and maybe a yoghurt? Do you long for a cigarette? No you don't." Finding the entire dialogue placed in her capable larynx, with no reply really required of us, we began to sink into our own dream: someone else was doing the work, as hoped.

"Now then," continued Dr. Bennstrom, "Have you ever noticed anything special about you and cigarettes? I mean, have you ever noticed that you smoke much less when you're active than when you're passive; much less when you're walking out of doors than when you're trapped at a bridge table, or sitting about indoors after dinner, or talking on the telephone?" We had to admit she had us so far, and replied weakly that we *had* noticed all this. "All right, then," said Dr. Bennstrom, "We're going to keep you moving." With this, she took a printed wheel marked off into hour-slots and made entries that proved to be a series of appointments with various beauticians on the Golden Door's staff—facial experts, masseuses, exercise supervisors, steam cabinet monitors. "Besides," commented Dr. Bennstrom, "I'd just like to see you smoke when you're being kneaded on a massage table, or when you're under one of our special honey masques, or when I've got you keeping up with the others in exercise class . . ." (We envisioned all of this and added to it in our mind the picture of ourselves locked in the Dayton, Ohio-made embrace of a steam

cabinet with our head free to smoke, but no hand free to propel the cigarette.)

"All right," she continued, "tell me this, now. Do you ever think of your lungs?" Another weak, almond-buttered-apple 'no' from us, and she went on. "If you want a cigarette, do me a favour, a personal favour. Just get up and go to your door and take a deep, deep breath." Leaping up from her chair, she appeared to cover two doors simultaneously—the front door about which we knew, having entered there, and a back door which, unobserved by us until that moment, was flung open to a charming pebbled terrace of our very own. "Breathe," ordered Dr. Bennstrom, demonstrating a magnificent inhalation and exhalation. "When you want a cigarette, just take one big lungful of fresh air as a substitute for a cigarette. You'll find it removes the cigarette crisis. *A deep breath of fresh ai. can take the place of cigarettes.*" Thinking about it, it seemed to us this girl was cooking with oxygen, and she confirmed the thought by adding: "It's my belief that smoking lowers the oxygen level at the periphery and is therefore bad for the skin."

"One more thing," said our newly dear friend Dr. Bennstrom, as we brooded over our periphery, which wasn't exactly English in its overall complexion, "you're going to have a wonnnnnderful night's sleep in a room in which the ions—negative and positive—will have been adjusted. That little quiet machine over there is going to see to that. You're going to have a nice, twenty-minute soak in the tub, you're going to have a nice cup of herb tea, and you are going to sleep as you've never slept before. We're going to put in your breakfast order for 8:30 and you're going to have coffee, even though you're concerned about the fact that you usually have it with a cigarette or two." Watching for astonishment to sweep our face, which it did, she went on, "You're going to have coffee for breakfast because you like it, because there's no sense in giving up two things at once, and because you're going to see, for the first time, how really delicious the flavour of coffee is when you can taste it for itself and taste it fully. . . . Herb tea, Cora," she called, switching palates. As Cora departed for the kitchen to draw the bedtime tea or however one deals with tisanes, Dr. Bennstrom led us toward what she referred to as "the bathing room." The first studio bathroom of our experience, it had a beamed ceiling, two storeys high, with one wall broken by the kleig-like presence of an adjustable heat lamp. On a small banquette were stacked thick white towels. At the edge of the tub there were such bath toys as an inflatable head rest, a loofah, Golden Door soap drops, and an array of bath oils in identical square bottles with golden caps. Dialing the tub stopper and turning on the faucets, Dr. Bennstrom pored over the bath-oil choice: "Ninon de Lenclos is a very nice fragrance. Put the whole bottleful in, and don't get out for twenty minutes. Good night, and I want to tell you how much we enjoy helping someone like you, *someone who really looks tired.*" Was the last remark, we wondered, a standard trick from her psychology kit to goad us into full cooperation, or was it simply a compassionate observation? In any case, we weren't immune. We bathed as instructed and slept as promised, though we let our tisane go cold in its cup—a bravura gesture as we walked the plank.

Next morning, announced by doves, pigeons, a whiney cat, and a gardener's baby, the day began with a breakfast tray brought to us in bed, and moved by our request to the back terrace, where we drank more of the remarkable orange juice, ate a perfect four-minute egg, nibbled at the tweediest of gluten toasts spread with honey, and drank hot coffee with the appreciation it asked. The floor show during breakfast consisted of amber-eyed lizards in jewel colours doing push-ups on the pebble-carpeted floor in what we imagined to be approved Golden Door style. We commented to the morning waitress on how attractive, fresh, and appetizing we'd found everything at The Door. "It ought to be," she answered possessively. "We take no more than eighteen guests at any one time, and we have a staff of forty not counting all the gardeners."

Called on our house-phone to attention, we left breakfast instantly and changed into our pinkie. Halfway through dressing, we lost our nerve or gained it—in any case, rebellion set in. We couldn't possibly appear anywhere in pink sweatpants and sweatshirt, we determined, no matter how free of cigarettes that costume might help us to be. (By the way, had we even really thought of cigarettes this first cigaretteless day?) Sulking quietly we went to the window and looked out toward the lanai next to the pool where exercise class had begun. The march music played on the amplified record-player had attracted a covey of doves. They sat and gaped at proceedings from the roof of an exercise shelter, which stood like an amateur-theatre stage at the deep end of the courtyard. The class, about a dozen strong, led by Dr. Bennstrom, was leaping about in a skipping, school's-out sort of step, around and around the swimming pool. Under the lanai awning, exercise bicycles were being pedalled, thumping metal rollers encased several hiplines, up-and-down machine-driven kneaders busied themselves on thighs. Pinkie or no, it looked rather amusing, so we struck out for the exercise group and, feeling only a little silly, skipped with the group and joined them afterwards in a calisthenics workout until, exhausted, we collapsed on an exercise mat in the shade, as the little gust of birds—evidently considering the show over for the day—blew itself away.

Lying on the mat, breathing hard, choosing a glass of orange juice from a proffered tray, we looked about us at the other guests: women of all ages and conditions of looks, they appeared to be. Some were beauties and we wondered what they were doing there (reasons varied, it turned out—upkeep; fatigue; fear of losing their looks). Others were extinguished-looking women whose reasons were

(Continued on page 196)





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SUPERB SERVED CHILLED WITH YOUR AFTER-DINNER COFFEE

THE LUXE WAY TO GIVE UP SMOKING

(Continued from page 195)

clear. One woman, hair in curlers, cigarette holder clenched between teeth, maintained throughout our visit and always, we were told, what we thought of as a captain's gaze—bright blue eyes looking always beyond, beyond, to some horizon in her mind. (She was a regular, we later learned, who never spoke to anyone, but came to The Golden Door for two weeks of every year while her husband played golf at Palm Springs.) As we lay puffing, gasping, coming back from what we feared might be an exhaustion-induced near-blackout, a white-uniformed matronly-looking woman appeared on the lanai asking for us. We rose, followed her, and checking our schedule wheel, realized the time had come for our morning massage which was to take place on a portable table wheeled into our own room. We slept on the table, we gather. When we awoke to the gentle shaking of a pretty woman whose card read "Bea," we realized it was 11:30, and time for our scheduled facial treatment. Enroute to facial headquarters (a small, complete beauty salon within the main building), we realized we'd had no cigarettes so far, no interest in cigarettes so far, and things were going swimmingly.

The facial expert drew the blind, blanketed us, propped our feet up, and went to work in absolute silence. (Somewhere along the line, she'd learned, too, how not to so much as breathe.) We dozed again; were awakened to make a choice of masque (honey and tomato? cucumber and lettuce? we're not certain of the menu, but it all seemed very Natural). Still pinkied, we were told to change for lunch. Watching the other guests as they left their rooms to walk to the main dining room, we gathered that togas and turbans of towelling were the uniform. Lunch was family style and afforded us our first chance to see all the guests at one eye-sweep—as cross-section a group as could be gathered by a diligent Nielsen, it seemed to us. Dr. Bennstrom presided at table and operated at the same time as turf accountant; some sort of wager was on as to how many group-pounds would be lost that week, with the final accounting to take place that afternoon. A proper English butler served food that was a superb presentation of what we thought of then and now as The New Eating—nutrition-weighted health food done with low-calorie-substitute sauces and trimmings.

Talk was relaxed, amiable, and in one case bantering—one of the young beauties at the table had, it seemed, reached such a plateau of relaxation that she failed to recognize her husband when he'd come to call for her at the end of her previous two weeks' stay at The Door. He'd gone directly to the dining room where she was seated at the table—and after the mists had cleared, she was, according to the other guests, still unable to remember his name.

For our part, remembering suddenly why we were at The Door, we decided to leave the table immediately after dessert was served, in order—as per warning—not to sit about while the others sat and smoked their cigarettes. Nap was next on the schedule and despite the morning spent largely in sleep, we crossed the bright garden and slept.

At 2:30, Dr. Bennstrom stopped by to ask us whether we had a bathing suit with us, and suggested we have a swim. The sun was strong; it seemed to include the world. In our valley of scrub oak, brilliant dwarfed flowers and low tile roofs, we sided with everyone who'd ever thought the earth flat. Flat was good, for one thing. Dr. Bennstrom led the assembling guests in swimming-pool-based exercises which consisted mainly of attempting to hold, by various efforts, inflated rubber balls underwater. (Tricky and surprisingly exerting.) At several points along the walls of the pool, Jacuzzi motors stirred the water into an almost unbearable ferment which in turn

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poli venture to a conclusion, but the initiative was never regained after the first disastrous breaking off of the shelling of the Turkish forts. Half measure followed upon half measure, always reacting to the enemy, always too late, always attempting to stuff the holes in a leaky sieve. One hundred and fifty thousand dead lay upon the narrow beaches and the bleak hills before the disastrous end. By that time Churchill was in France, serving with a battalion of the Grenadier Guards. He was then forty-one years old, wonderfully fit and at the peak of his life, his political career in ruins, perhaps irreparable. Yet his zest was unabated. . . .

He could adapt as swiftly as any chameleon. He had kept himself in good physical condition by regular swimming, and by playing polo whenever a chance occurred. Polo had been for years a true love, and he tended to regard life rather as a polo game, a series of "chukkas." If you lost one, there was always the next to win, until the last. And that was not yet. Still, it was difficult to diminish the importance of the "chukka" from which he had just emerged on the losing side, and with most of the blame on his own head. . . .

Churchill was never more likeable than in his periods of innocent bewilderment in the political wilderness. Until he regained his wind and organized his forces, he paused in his pursuit of power and gave his mind and energies to a variety of social and cultural activities. He relished the conversation of artists and poets, and basked in the warm companionship of his wife and his faithful, witty, Auguste, Edward Marsh. . . .

Apart from Lady Churchill's immense resources of uncommon sense, her remarkable equability, her flawless devotion, a little more is discernible. Her sympathy and delight in the many facets of her husband's nature was profound. She understood him. Her hand was ever on the helm, but never obtrusive. She did not steer, but many times she held the craft steady when it threatened to cavort dangerously.

I think that the marital relationship of the Churchills was as near to "Darby and Joan" as it is likely the male and female may achieve. It was entirely rewarding—for both of them. In its fashion their married life was a genuine idyll, and it was not for nothing that Churchill wrote: "I married in 1908 and lived happy ever after." It was the simple truth.

It would be absurd to look for passion, for the dark tumults in the blood, the dreadful anguish attendant upon the love of a Tristan and Isolde, of Romeo and Juliet. Such loves are of a different order, destined for tragedy.

The easy relationship of the Churchills was manifest in their use and choice of "pet names"; that she was "Dear Cat" and he "Dear Pig." In their mouths these words became endearments endowed with the deepest affection, a private code. Norman McGowan tells of how, often, Lady Churchill returning home would cry out with a loud "wow-wow" in the hall at Chartwell, and await her husband's answering bark.

Edward Marsh for many years was the intimate third party in this enviable partnership, the essential hero-worshipper and follower in an adventurous triumvirate that has echoes of schooldays.

"Sir Winston is all nature and one never comes to the end of him," wrote John Raymond. Neither his wife, nor Marsh, ever came to the end of him. Few men were less inhibited in their private behaviour. He would indulge in long monologues in his bath, not in the least put out to be overheard by valet or anyone else. "At first I used to think he was talking to me," wrote Norman McGowan, but when he answered what he thought was his master's call, Churchill said:

"I wasn't talking to you, Norman. I was addressing the House of Commons." And so he would continue, twiddling the taps with his toes until his wife, or some new urgency, induced him to move on to the next phase.

I do not know at what stage of life Churchill developed his passion for fish and birds. "He was crazy about fish," McGowan noted. His study was lined with small tanks in which the brilliant creatures darted and lazed through the intricate choreography of their lives, revealing to the quiet observer extremes of behaviour, ferociously barbaric, exquisitely gentle. Out of doors, Churchill would visit his fishponds to lure the carp to take maggots from his hand. . . .

Few who lived through those summer days of 1940 in Britain are likely to deny that when Churchill took command it was like emerging from a long and debilitating illness, when suddenly the body awakens, becoming one with its spirit, knows itself pristine, and torpor falls away from mind and limb.

Nothing that went before, nothing that comes after may sour the taste of that brief honeymoon. In that summer Churchill saw himself mirrored in the pool of England. The nation gave him back his image. No man was an island, for each one had become a part of a larger life, and Churchill its symbol. He was its voice, clothing its secret longings in romance and glory, awakening echoes, stimulating its passions, giving it an illusion of Elizabethan splendour. He could move himself to tears, or laughter; chuckle, or rasp himself to scorn or rage, and with careful mispronunciation load simple words with ridicule or loathing.

Were he sentimental, England was sentimental with him; was he brave, all were brave. Perhaps never before had such

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WINSTON CHURCHILL

(Continued from page 197)

an actor declaimed upon such a stage, his entry uncontrived, yet a miracle of timing, his audience, soon embracing more than half the world, spellbound. For a little while he fanned the bright flame of a candle lit by Elizabethan England. Churchill put words to the music of war. He did not choose the great themes, for these, Dunkirk and the Battle of Britain, were already on the conveyer belt of war, challenging him to his part. He responded gloriously. Dunkirk of itself, and in its nature, gave him strength, consummating his marriage, for even without a Churchill England would have responded to that triumph and disaster. It is in such trials that the people have always discovered the best in themselves. . . .

Through the months when invasion was a genuine expectation the "moat" held, and stirred by Churchill such a heritage became a simple truth, an old currency reminted. Never before had words proved such potent instruments of war. They were more deadly than the sword, the ammunition in fantastic profusion of friends and foes, flowing inwards and outwards, and for many purposes. But they were also two-edged. While Hitler's demagogy inspired the Germans, they helped to consolidate England's will to win, and Churchill's words, so stimulating to ourselves, cemented the resolution of the enemy to fight on, beyond defeat, to the bitter end.

Words were also potent in a different context, for it became a way in which conferences were, in the final analysis, as General Fuller has remarked, more decisive than battles.

Churchill's words, fortunately, may be separated without great difficulty from his deeds, yet his words and deeds were baked together in the same hot oven. In June 1940, while tragedy overwhelmed France and the smoke rose from the bonfires burning the archives of the Quai d'Orsay, Churchill, "Crowned like a volcano by the smoke of his cigars," indulged his imagination to the dismay of his hosts. . . .

Nevertheless until 1941 Churchill had worn the garment of power with a kind of innocence, a veritable St. George for England, undivided within himself, and entirely unself-conscious. And then, suddenly, as some said, he "realized his power," as though before he had been unaware of it, as Adam had been unaware of sin. It had to be used, to be demonstrated, to the full.

It may be true to say that to become aware of power is at once to begin to lose it, to feel its limitations, to be anxious to try out this invisible, and terrible instrument, to be corrupted.

The old Churchill was gone, that infinitely fascinating and various man, always formidable, usually unpredictable, invariably exciting and rewarding to work with and for, even at rare moments seeming lovable. A tyrant reigned in his stead, ominous, moody, and threatening, browbeating Sir John Kennedy, and snarling at Sir John Dill about the Middle East, where Wavell and his generals had won their magnificent victories, "What you need out there is a Court Martial, and a firing squad!" . . .

Churchill had never been in touch with "the people"; had never understood the "mysteries" of their thinking and their choices, except in those brief days of deadly physical peril when he had given tongue to the voices echoing in their hearts. Until he awoke suddenly "with a sharp stab of almost physical pain" just before the dawn on July 26, 1945, he had believed that the people of Britain would elect him to lead them into peace. At Yalta, Stalin had reassured him with the words, "since the people would understand that they needed a leader, and who could be a better leader than he who had won the victory?" he had no reason to fear, and so far as he knew he had not feared. He had forgotten his own words, written long before power came upon him:

"Those who can win a war well can rarely make a good peace, and those who could make a good peace would never have won a war." . . .

In these years of the aftermath of war, Churchill crowned his immense literary achievement with the six volumes of his *Second World War*, again, as Balfour had said of his earlier work, his "Autobiography disguised as a history of the universe." He was a soldier who always wanted to be a politician; a politician who always wanted to be a soldier. Perhaps as a very old man he would still look back, as he had done in 1930, on those great years "from twenty to twenty-five," when he had ridden in the charge at Omdurman, when he had written *The River War*, a superb piece of war reporting, and when he might still have been a soldier. I believe that he might have exchanged all else to have been, simply, General Sir Winston Churchill, V.C., G.C.B.

He was a great complex of a man, compounded of warring ingredients, and full of passion, as well as sentiment. For a little while with him we became dangerous children pursuing visions of glory. In England's desperate need he renewed her youth and fortified her spirit. For him it was never England right or wrong, but simply, England!

He was a man "magnificently unprepared for the long littleness of life."



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PARIS CHOICES

(Continued from page 111)

carved sections (which accounts for a certain spunkiness in the hang that's entirely new), showing a fraction of dress at the hem. Always the exactly right fraction: an eye for proportion is the great tailor's gift to women. Observe it in the perfection of tunics that swept the Collections. Call them overblouses if you like, or smocks, or pullovers, or pulls—what matters is that in whatever length they were shown (and they were shown in *every* length, *every* fabric), the balance between top and skirt was always unerringly correct, satisfying to the eye, marvellous for a woman's figure. . . . Tunics we have loved for these reasons—and because their colouring was among the most clearly beautiful in Paris: Kingfisher-blue satin, cropped two inches short of a day-length black skirt, worn with a petit-gris cap. A nearly ankle-long pull in violet velvet, with a touch of lavender satin. A rolled-collar overblouse of acid-green crêpe in a short white cloth coat for evening, tortoise shell beads at the neck, big black mink beret. And the ravishing white tunics of St. Laurent: white damask to the wrist, white broché to the fingertips; both over short skirts, and white all the way—pearls, mink hats, matte kidskin gloves. . . . Anything—but anything—that makes a woman lovely in motion we're in favour of. Bias cutting does. Bias cutting we adore—in Grès' fluent natural wool déshabillé, all bias angles and Arab grace. Cardin's evening dresses, their long sleeves cut in one with centre-seamed bias tops—delicious in rosy chiffon, with two pink roses for a bracelet. . . . Surprises enchant us. The new Dior décolletages, for instance—surely the deepest in centuries—that half-revealed the prettiest young bosoms in Paris. Charming in black Chantilly lace. . . . We like the tone Paris jewellery has taken: big and brave and full of importance . . . like the whizzy young look of boots dashing all over the place. (So, evidently, does the rest of the world: as we go to press the word on Roger Vivier's stocking-long black crocodile boots is that they're whizzing right out of the St. Laurent Boutique.)

PARIS BOUTIQUES

(Continued from page 160)

(after all, one might lose the emerald or the lapis, or even give one to a friend saved for a rainy day); this one shocking pink—from the native lair of shocking pink—with a black bamboo handle. . . . From Roger Faré: Stacks of veauvelours gloves—matte and deliciously heavy—in every colour from sulphur yellow to cinnamon-brown to dubonnet. . . . From Maison et Jardin: A pair of cone-shaped bright-green tiny bay trees with bamboo trunks in big white pots. . . . From Vuitton: A jewel case and briefcase, both of Vuitton toile, made like little valises of brass and leather. . . . At St. Laurent, in the leisured calm of the seizième arrondissement, the little boutique at the top of the stairs is populated by César mannequins, sculptures of metal bands—no faces, but somehow an astonishing variety of expression, every ambiance from rather-haughty to round-and-pensive. We carried off a black raincoat of fake pigskin, double-breasted and back-belted. . . . Some hand-knitted stockings in Scottish colours—flecked browns and beiges—and an orange and brown tweed déshabillé to the ground, with knitted sleeves; this the boutique version of St. Laurent's drafty-château clothes. . . . And an enormous Byzantine pin of grey brilliants, crystal, and coral with a single huge baroque pearl.

Note to travellers: For the woman who planes into Paris with no special plans, a limited amount of time, the boutiques of the great couture houses are wide open—with no advance planning, no letters of introduction, one can stroll in off the street, find a quick taste of original fashion, a glittering shopping experience, and come away—if you're not unforgivably immune to impulse buying—with Something Divine.

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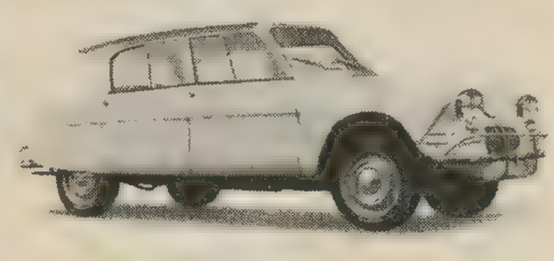
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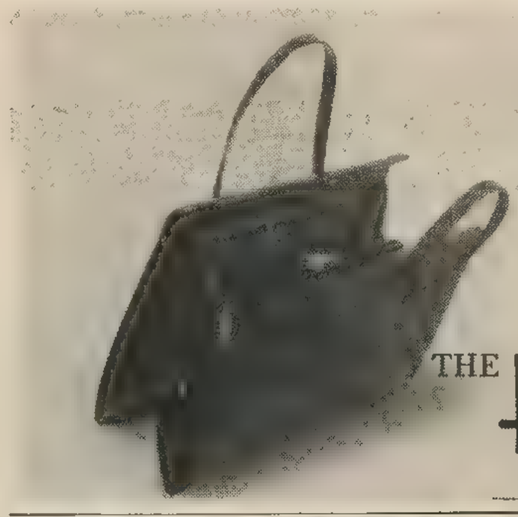
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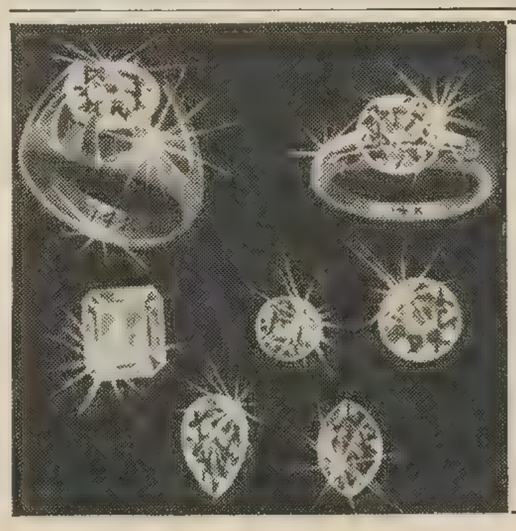
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BRONSON PRODUCTS CO.
Dept. V-9, 5154 N. Clark St. • Chicago, Ill.

Bangle bracelets of cobra skin—three or four at a time with, say, pebbly sweaters and tweeds. Black, brown, wine, neutral, green, and beige. $3 each, plus tax. By Colony Designs. At Bonwit Teller, 721 Fifth Ave., N. Y.





Baby's pillow case and crib sheet of fine Belgian lace and batiste. White, pink, blue, or yellow. Standard size in stock, or made to order. $22.95 ppd. Jean Gale, 535 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

Snow-bound this winter—hip-length zip-up parka of natural Guanaco fur from South America. Eskimo hood; wool lining. $365, plus tax. Henry Greenhut, 781 Madison Ave., New York. Another bargain in luxe—the little French Ami-6 by Citroën.

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PETER MAICAS

To make a head of hair—and the owner of same—feel simply wonderful: complete massage of vertebrae, neck, and scalp—the latter with the addition of creams, oils, and heat. Object: new vigour and health, less dandruff and dryness. Entire treatment, $5. Bernord az Guro, 19 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y.

(Continued from page 196)

stirred up our circulation to near numbness. A suggested game of water polo was veto-ed by the majority to the evident disappointment of a charming young staff assistant—who, we later learned, had come to The Door a year earlier as a guest with a vast weight problem, and had stayed on to stand in for Dr. Bennstrom occasionally at the table and at exercise class.

"Hiking . . . *hiking*." . . . said our wheel schedule when next consulted. Eight guests, with Dr. Bennstrom leading, lined up, walking staffs in hand, and headed for the hills. As we crossed the main highway in marching order, pinkied from shoulder to ankle, we saw a number of occupied automobiles parked at the ledge of the road, and as we struck out, the passengers—adults and children—all burst into shouts of "Fat Farm, Fat Farm!" To this Dr. Bennstrom waved cheerily and went on to explain to us that looking at the Golden Door inmates crossing the road was an afternoon's diversion for people from miles around. Beginning to feel a certain pride of uniform, we joined Dr. Bennstrom in her cheery waves to the onlookers. The hike was three miles out, with a stop for rest at a road place where we played the pinball machines and one sneak manoeuvred a hotdog unnoticed by our leader.

While our own card called for a make-up lesson on our return to camp, we asked to be excused for a half-hour to lie in the thinning sun in a solarium at the back of the lanai. We had some cigarette thoughts there, but felt already far removed from the notion of possible cheating. We were in, we decided.

Because it was Saturday night, in a sense graduation night for many guests who'd begun the week's course on the previous Sunday, long dinner skirts or pants and shirts more festive than usual were worn at the gathering for (to our surprise) cocktails before dinner at the main house. On arrival at the sitting room, we were asked whether we wanted whiskey, gin, or vodka—and having decided finally and firmly on whiskey, we were served tomato juice. This, it seemed, was a joke, perpetrated and administered by a chronic guest who'd lost—in a one-week-on-at-The-Door, alternate-week-at-home pattern running over a period of many months—over eighty pounds. She glowed with health and beauty, but not with humour, we felt.

Dinner was more of The New Eating; delicious. We skipped an after-dinner lecture or Madison lesson or yoga (check one) to go to bed. We were dazed with health and unable to hold up our head. Walking through the garden we saw the end of the Golden Door day: a gardener picking up stray cigarette litter with a pancake turner and flipping it into a golden dustpan. . . .

We'd gone a good day without smoking; we'd followed instructions and they'd worked. It struck us that had we been unable to stay longer than one day at the Golden Door, that one day—or that day approximated at any well-run beauty spa or salon—might have given us the break we needed, provided it were tightly scheduled and firmly observed.

The following day, and the day after continued the busy beauty-centred pattern, and cigarettes were now far behind us. Returning to our usual life, with its usual pressures and habits, did present a small problem, but we looked at it this way: much effort was put into our break; and quite a little money. (Not counting plane fare or tips, there was The Golden Door's prix fixe of somewhere between $425 to $475 a week.) We weren't going to throw all that away and we didn't.

After the eighth or so day of not smoking, during which Dr. Bennstrom's take-a-deep-breath-instead-of-a-cigarette advice was resorted to quite frequently—we called to report our success to our own medical doctor and to ask her a little shamefacedly whether she could account for the fact that we hadn't slept well since we'd come home. She replied that it was not at all unusual to hear of sleeplessness as an aftermath of a break with cigarettes, and prescribed a small order of tranquilizers to be taken at bedtime for a week or two.

Mentioning our curious fit of sleeplessness to a friend who'd just come back from two weeks at a similarly luxe (and the only comparable) spa in the U.S., we noticed a relieved expression crossing her face.

"You too?" she asked. "The same thing happened to me, and I wasn't giving up smoking." Looking about in a guilty fashion, with a quick glance over each shoulder—presumably to see whether Big Sister were watching her—she whispered to us, "I think it's from getting so tuned up. You know, all that swimming, all that massage, all that steam cabinet . . . we're simply *throbbing* with health, my dear. Do you suppose," she asked thoughtfully, "good health is good for us?"

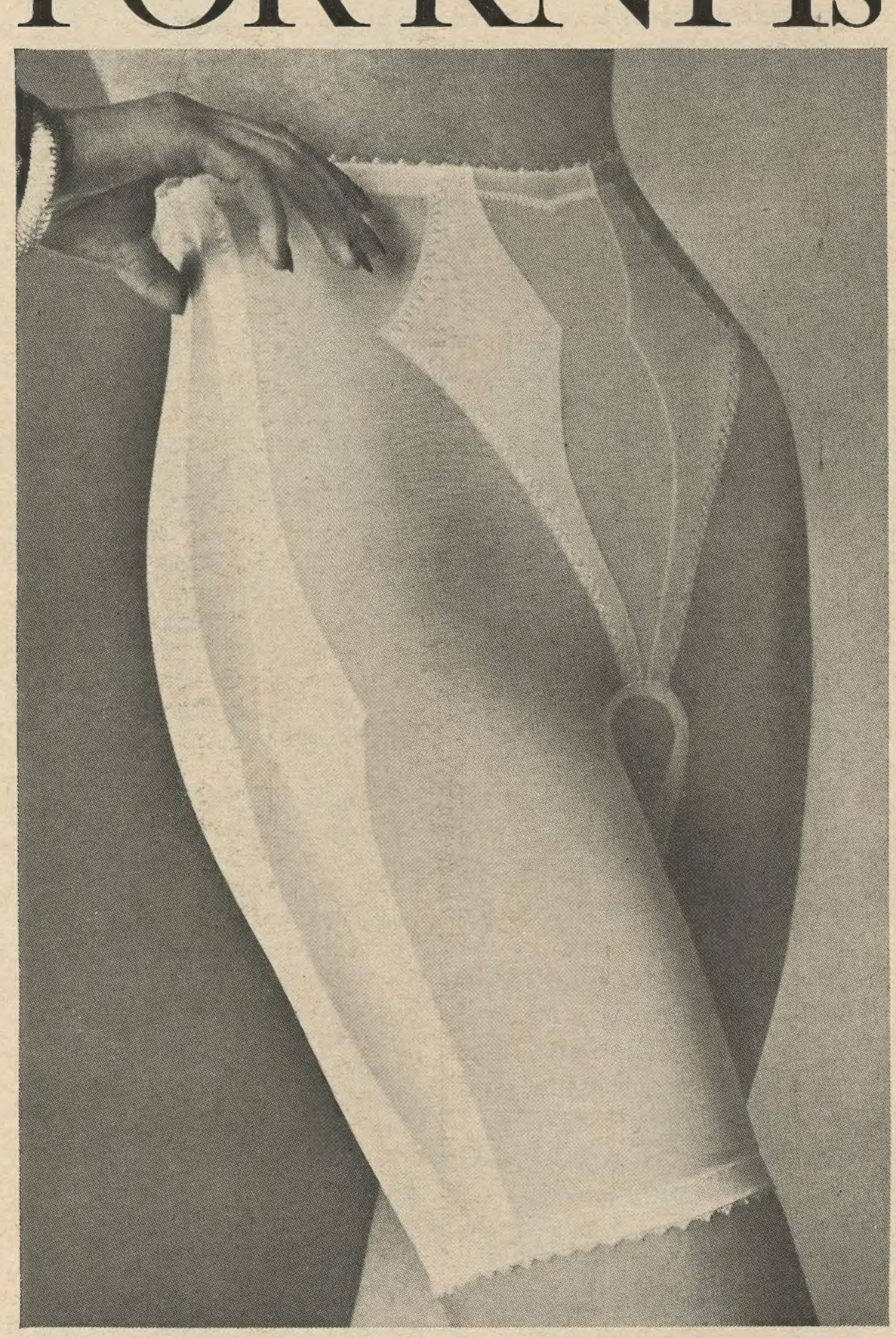
We don't know, really, but it can be madly luxe. With or without cigarettes.



The Alper Schwartz dress shown on page 4 is available at the following fine stores:

NEW YORK CITY, **BEST & CO.**
Alexandria, La., **Wellan's**
Amarillo, Texas, **White & Kirk**
Atlanta, Ga., **Rich's**
Austin, Texas, **Goodfriend's**
Boston, Mass., **R. H. Stearns**
Buffalo, N. Y., **Adam, Meldrum & Anderson**
Butte, Mont., **Weinberg's**
Cedar Rapids, Iowa, **Armstrong's**
Cincinnati, Ohio, **Gidding-Jenny**
Cleveland, Ohio, **The Higbee Co.**
Columbus, Ga., **J. A. Kirven**
Columbus, Ohio, **F & R Lazarus**
Dallas, Texas, **Dreyfuss & Son**
Danville, Ill., **Jules Straus**
Davenport, Ia., **Peterson-Harned-Von Maur**
Decatur, Ill., **Carol's**
Denver, Colo., **Denver Dry Goods**
Des Moines, Iowa, **Younker Bros.**
Detroit, Mich., **Crowley Milner**
Evansville, Ind., **Kaiser's**
Ft. Worth, Texas, **Monnig Dry Goods**
Galveston, Texas, **Nathan's**
Greenville, S. C., **Meyers Arnold**
Houston, Texas, **Sakowitz Bros.**
Hutchinson, Kansas, **Wiley's**
Indianapolis, Ind., **Wm. H. Block**
Kansas City, Mo., **Woolf Brothers**
La Jolla, Calif., **John Hogan**
Lincoln, Nebraska, **Hovland-Swanson**
Little Rock, Ark., **Gus Blass**
Long Beach, Calif., **Buffum's**
Louisville, Ky., **Byck's**
Madison, Wisc., **Harry S. Manchester**
Memphis, Tenn., **Phil A. Halle**
Minneapolis, Minn., **Powers**
Mobile, Ala., **Raphael's**
Montgomery, Ala., **Al Levy**
New Orleans, La., **Leon Godchaux**
Norfolk, Va., **Rice's**
Oklahoma City, Okla., **Rothschild's**
Omaha, Neb., **Nebraska Clothing**
Philadelphia, Pa., **John Wanamaker**
Pittsburgh, Pa., **Joseph Horne**
Providence, R. I., **Shepard's**
Richmond, Ind., **Richmond Palais Royal**
Richmond, Va., **Miller & Rhoads**
Riverside, Calif., **The Harris Co.**
Roanoke, Va., **Smartwear-Irving Saks**
St. Louis, Mo., **Famous-Barr**
Salt Lake City, Utah, **Z. C. M. I.**
San Bernardino, Calif., **The Harris Co.**
San Francisco, Calif., **The White House**
Santa Barbara, Calif., **Lou Rose**
Seattle, Wash., **Best's Apparel**
Shreveport, La., **The Fashion**
South Bend, Ind., **Robertson Bros.**
Springfield, Ill., **Myers**
Springfield, Mass., **Forbes & Wallace**
Syracuse, N. Y., **Sadye-Ann**
Terre Haute, Ind., **Jame Wolf**
Toledo, Ohio, **Lamson Bros.**
Washington, D. C., **Jelleff's**
Wichita, Kansas, **Woolf Brothers**
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You'll love being taken in by Gossard's Narroline—the proportioned long leg pantie with the lickety-split hipline! Style 1523 for the average figure, style 1524 for the full-hip figure. Each in Lycra®, $15.

Nylon, Lycra Spandex power net. Panels: acetate, rayon & Lycra Spandex satin. Lycra is DuPont's registered T M.

"where you can buy"—see column opposite

"FASHION WHEREABOUTS IN VOGUE" "WHERE YOU CAN BUY"

A "Where You Can Buy" Service for Interested Readers. To find the store nearest you, look for the advertised merchandise showing this symbol.

1st: Note the VOGUE *issue date, page number, name of advertiser.*

2nd: Call telephone number in listed city *nearest* you (stores for many miles around cities are listed with operators).

3rd: Give operator issue date, page number and advertiser's name, she will tell you what stores in your area have the advertised merchandise.

Note: *Only* advertisements showing phone symbol are listed. FASHION WHEREABOUTS in VOGUE will answer *your call* 7 days a week, 24 hours a day.

DIAL THE NUMBER IN YOUR AREA

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Phoenix	279-1370
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Little Rock	FR 5-5494
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Los Angeles	651-4612
San Diego	239-4516
San Francisco	GA 1-7191
Colorado	
Denver	244-3136
Connecticut	
Bridgeport, Norwalk, Stamford	see New York, White Plains
Hartford	247-7229
includes Springfield, Mass.	
includes New Haven	
Delaware	
Wilmington	see Philadelphia
District of Columbia	
Washington	District 7-8668
Florida	
Jacksonville	356-4401
Miami	377-2977
Georgia	
Atlanta	233-0885
Hawaii	
Honolulu	571-063
Illinois	
Chicago	236-3580
includes Gary, Indiana	
Hammond, Indiana	
Indiana	
Indianapolis	Melrose 6-6883
Gary, Hammond	see Chicago
Iowa	
Des Moines	243-8758
Kentucky	
Louisville	584-7998
Louisiana	
New Orleans	525-7866
Maryland	
Baltimore	PL 2-3914
Massachusetts	
Boston	HA 6-1550
Fall River	see Providence, R. I.
Springfield	see Hartford, Conn.
Michigan	
Detroit	961-7116

STATE	telephone
Minnesota	
Minneapolis-St. Paul	332-1890
Missouri	
Kansas City	LO 1-0013
St. Louis	CE 1-2514
Nebraska	
Lincoln	432-1336
New Jersey	
Newark	642-4967
New York	
Albany	463-4690
Buffalo	854-4055
New York City	LT 1-3879
Garden City, L. I.	PI 6-4144
White Plains	WH 9-9111
includes Bridgeport, Norwalk, Stamford, Conn.	
Rochester	CH 4-0400
Ohio	
Columbus	221-3544
Cincinnati	621-3375
includes Dayton	
Cleveland	781-5148
Oklahoma	
Oklahoma City	CE 5-4286
Tulsa	Luther 4-2786
Oregon	
Portland	222-5393
Pennsylvania	
Harrisburg	CE 3-7242
Philadelphia	LO 7-1200
includes Wilmington, Delaware	
Pittsburgh	471-6166
Rhode Island	
Providence	421-9760
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Tennessee	
Memphis	327-4424
Nashville	256-5518
Texas	
Austin	GR 2-0254
Dallas	RI 7-4108
includes Fort Worth	
Houston	CA 8-1967
Utah	
Salt Lake City	364-3441
Virginia	
Richmond	644-8832
Washington	
Seattle	MU 2-1292

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Smart, smooth, spirited... Gilbey's Vodka

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Gilbey's Vodka dramatizes flavor, not with taste of its own, but with smart, smooth, undetectable spirit. This real difference is why the people who discovered vodka are now asking for Gilbey's more and more. Sensibly priced, too.

***SCREWDRIVER**—Mix together 1½ ozs. Gilbey's Vodka and 3 ozs. well-chilled orange juice. Pour into sour glass. Add garnish of orange slice or cherry if desired.*



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